SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY | SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1919 | VOL. XIII, NO. 25

"Build the City—Trade Here"

When you get ready ——————to Build

that new house or garage, or to make any alterations, let us figure with you on your requirements in

PLUMBING
ROOFING
NAILS
FINISH HARDWARE
PAINT

For first class material and workmanship our prices are right, and buyers find that our service is more satisfactory than that from foreign dealers.

CITY PRICES OR LOWER

Sierra Madre Hardware Co.
31-35 West Central

Just Received

Nice Line of Kodaks and Kodak Albums

We do developing and printing right here at home. Leave your films one day and get your pictures the next. You'll like our work, too.

We have also received a large asortment of

TOYS

Victor Records are arriving daily. Would be pleased to have you pay us a visit and listen to them.

We have good sewing machines that we rent out at very reasonable rates.

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75 — 31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

We Pay 4 Per cent

The lessons of thrift taught us by the war should be encouraged and perpetuated.

A dollar starts a savings account and you'll be surprised to see it grow so fast.

First National Bank

"D—n the Expense! Stop the River!"

That's what the Overland Pacific said to Rickard, the engineer. So the girl hated him because he supplanted her brother. And the man did not take to her at first. But Cupid smiled and took a hand.

The River

By EDNAH AIKEN

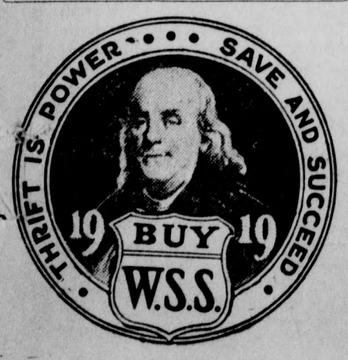
tells well how the man stopped the Colorado and saved the Imperial Valley. The girl saw him do it and forgot her hate in love.

Love
Romance
Fighting

Our New Serial Don't Miss It!

THE MISSION PLAY

John Steven McGroarty, author of the Mission Play has made of his play a contribuiton to the history of America which covers at the same time an appeal to the soul of America. The Mission Play is indeed a wonderful treasure of our own fair Southland, and especially this year with the great dramatic actor, Fredcrick Warde portraying the role of Fray Junipero Serra, is well worth seeing by all; those who have seen it in years past, our own resients, and visitors from afar. Performances will be given at the Mission Playhouse every afternoon beginnig at 2:15 including Sundays and both Wednesday and Saturday evenings.



JOY RIDE FOR SICK FOLKS

The city nurse suggests that there are a number of semi-sick people in Sierra Madre who have no means of getting about and that an automobile ride would be greatly appreciated and beneficial.

Therefore, the News will be glad to receive the names and street addresses of such persons who are strong enough to enjoy a two hours' ride over the boulevards without fatigue. Please phone, write or hand in your names as early as possible that we may route the list and arrange for a prompt pick-up.

The joy ride will start a week from tomorrow, Saturday, March 29, from the Sierra Madre garage promptly at 1:30 p. m. if it is a pleasant day. If it is raining or threatening rain, the ride will be postponed one week. Be sure and bring sufficient wraps, as often the speed of the car creates a chilling wind. A car will call at your home for you shortly after 1 p. m.

MERRY CANYON PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lynch chaperoned a merry crowd of young people to the cabins in the Bailey canyon last week end. Those present were Misses Elizabeth Carson of Los Angeles, Helen Sadler, Yerda Appleby and Helen Williams, Sergt. Victor Hill, Sergt. Groff Brown and Gale Williams represented the army while the navy was personated by George Starr and Allen DeSylva. The latter entertained the fireside groups with many an interesting tale of life on the bounding main.

The Victory Loan

The first shot of the Victory Loan was fired in Southern California last Saturday when Henry S. McKee, chairman of the Southern California State Central Liberty Loan Committee, accompanied by R. H. Moulten, campaign manager; Leslie Henry, representative of the Federal Reserve bank; Major J. B. Coulston former county chairman of Los Angeles county, and recently returned from France, started on a tour embracing every one of the Southern counties. Meetings will be held with the local Liberty Loan committees for the purpose of reviewing the county organization, ironing out any difficulties that may have arisen, and they will definitely plan for the next campaign which it expected will start April 21st.

Announcement comes from Los Angeles that Director of Publicity, Harold Janss, has a big surprise stunt up his sleeve which will be sent to every community in Southern California during the Victory Loan drive. Last year the tanks, Liberty and Democracy visited many Southern California communities and assisted greatly in putting over the campaign. This time Mr. Janss states that the feature stunt will be just as novel and will descend upon each community like a bolt from the sky. Much mystery still surrounds its identity. All local chairmen are urged to put in their application to Publicity Headquarters in Los Angeles for its local appearance.

MORE OF OUR 'FIGHTERS' RETURN

Corp. Harry Leaming returned from Fockwell Field the first of the week, with his discharge and Uncle Sam's permission to resume the duties of civil life.

Arthur Evans returned from Camp Cody, Deming, N. M., Monday with his honorable discharge and will remain with his parents here for the present.

John Olsen returned from service in France, direct to Sierra Madre, arriving here Monday, but departed for San Francisco after a few hours visit, to be mustered out. He will return home in a week or ten days.

Laurel E. Steinberger, affectionately known as "Ike" returned from the aviation department of the service in France, yesterday and will resume his S wrench and Stilson at the Sierra Madre garage Monday.

Orvall Kellogg arrived home Friday night honorably discharged from the Navy and glad to be back in the old home town again.

Lieut. Glenn H. Klemme returned from overseas Saturday to gladden the hearts of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Klemme, who havew been fighting fear and uncertainty while their son was fighting the hun. Lieut. Klemme saw active service on various battlefronts, but returned home in perfect health after two years of fighting.

Ralph Odwarker was mustered out at Camp Lewis, Wash., and returned home last week.

RESOLVED

Why not annex Los Angel-ees,
As a suburb to our city;
And thus reduce our car-fare fees,
In self-defensive pity.
Another 'raise' is on the breeze,
'Least, so, I've heard the talk;
You folks, do just as you please,
But, me, I'm goin' to walk.

—A. L. Soran.

When the Wisteria fete is pulled off there will be thousands of strangers driving through our city and we should make the appearance as attractive as possible. Look over your yard and see if there is sticks, leaves or rubbish you might move to a less conspicuous place.

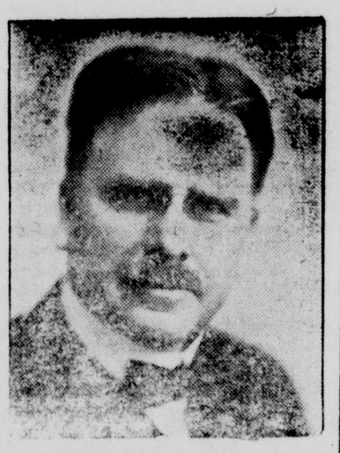
BASE BALL CLUB

A meeting will be held in the News office next Monday night at 7:30 to organize a base ball club for Sierra Madre.

We have plenty of material and good material, too, so let's have a winner team again. Everybody interested come and help start the ball rolling next Monday night.

WILL TALK TONIGHT

Well Known Lecturer Will Speak At Woman's Club House This Evening



Dr. Ira Landrith

Speaking of Dr. Landrith who will lecture at the Woman's Club house Friday night, the Philadelphia Press says:

"He is an orator in all that true oratory implies. Epigram and homely illustration make his addresses snap electrically. He has a rare fund of humor and does not hesitate to use it. He does not seem to fear man, institution of the devil, and he has a chip a mile wide on his shoulder for Demon Rum to knock off. In fact, he does not wait to have it knocked off; he just brushes it off himself and then sails hands, feet, head and body into the enemy. The doctor always has the better of the encounter, and Rum is batered and bruised from the start to finish."

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, NOTICE!

A joy ride for sick folks has been arranged for a week from tomorrow, Saturday, March 29th, starting from the Sierra Madre garage promptly at 1:30 p. m. if the day is nice, otherwise postponed one week.

The News will have a list of names and addresses which will be assigned to the various cars at the garage at 1 p. m. sharp so that the pick-up may be made and the cars reassembled at the garage for a start all together at 1:30 o'clock.

The writer has never asked support for a worth-while cause that the public did not back up magnificently and we know that more cars will be volunteered for this pleasure-giving service than can be used. Take your wife along to act as hostess if you wish and give two hours of joy to those who need it most and we assure you the greater joy will be yours.

Please notify the News as early as possible that you will furnish car and driver, also number of passengers you can accommodate—and don't crowd them.

AN ICE COLD STORY

Once upon a time a young livewire ambitious to build for the future, named G. L. Kelley, started an ice business in Sierra Madre and reduced the established price of ice ten cents. When the public complained of the infrequent deliveries, he bought another truck and covered the city four times a week, and gave good ice and good service.

Of course the rival company, located in another town, reduced their prices to meet his, but he was responsible for the saving to the people.

Kelley figured close and calculated with the patronage of the whole town he could do well, but when 30 to 60 per cent of the households persisted in patronizing the other town's concern he found his expenses in maintaining the service he gave, exceeded his receipts, so the only thing for him to do was to quit, which he did, last week, selling out to the Pasadena Ice Co.

The ten cents Kelley saved the patrons, has been nailed back on the price, and the deliveries reduced to three a week. Don't blame the Pasadena Ice Co. they have a longer haul and added expenses, but Sierra Madre loses not only the ten cent saving but a home institution and the money it circulated here, also a good citizen who will transfer his labors to another field in the near future.

MANY VISIT MOUNTAINS

It is estimated that over 4000 people hiked up the mountains to see and feel the snow Saturday and Sunday.

After "Fire Bugs"

Forest Rangers will take the trail of the fire bug this coming summer. Uncle Sam has quit fooling with those who can't or won't understand his conservation policies and who insist on burning up his timber, stealing his forage illegally killing fish and game on national forests, or otherwise violating the laws. He has ordered his forest rangers to follow the trail wherever it leads and bring them in. During the last year, over 100 convictions for fires alone were secured by the National Forest officers, in this state, while the number of man-caused fires was reduced by 50 per cent and the damage by 75 per cent.

BORN

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Kassner, Sunday morning, an eight pound girl. Baby and mother doing nicely.

As this is the first birth the News has been privileged to chronicle since the present management has had charge we considered it of sufficient importance to obtain a personal interview and inspection.

It is really a pretty baby for one so young with an abundance of dark brown hair and its face combining the classic features of its daddie and the Southern beauty of its mother.

The dispute regarding the name of John Jr., or Anita Vera was decided in favor of the latter, by the young lady herself.

PICTURE SHOW DISCONTINED

The Woman's Club will discontinue the picture show indefinitely.

Love Laughs at Lovers As Well As Locksmiths

Cupid runs across this pair of nice young people. She hates him and he cares nothing for her. So the little god laughs at the two mortals. Then he twangs his bow and pierces both hearts with the same sharp arrow.

The River
By
Ednah Aiken

is not only a love tale that grips but also the story of the big struggle to save the Imperial Valley from the raging Colorado when it broke through its banks and threatened the lives and homes of thousands of settlers.

He saved them. She saw him do it and loved him for it.

Our New Serial

Read It! You Will Enjoy It!

REST ROOM NEEDED

No one disptes the fact that what Sierra Madre needs right now is a public rest room. A column or a page might be written about it, but it would not change the pressing need nor add to the fact.

Sierra Madre is behind other towns in this respect and it works to her disadvantage and unfavorable advertising.

The room next to Fraiberg's jewelry store is central and large enough for at least a temporary location until a permanent building is erected beside, or space allotted inside, our new Liberty Hall, when it shall have been completed.

The way to do a thing is to do it and the balance of this article is left for you to fill in as your imagination may suggest.

A GOOD ATTENDANCE

The lecture given at the Women's Club house Monday night by John Randall Dunn, of St. Louis, under the auspices of the Christian Science Society was well attended.

Mr. Dunn is a member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church in Boston, Mass., and is an interesting speaker. Those who attended were well repaid and speak in the highest terms of the lecturer.

When the Colorado Burst Its Banks and Flooded the Imperial Valley of California

The RIVER

By Ednah Aiken

Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company

When Man and Nature Clashed.

It was but a short time ago that the whole nation was thrilled by news of a mighty struggle in which man's ingenuity and strength were pitted against the seemingly irresistible forces of nature. The Great Yellow Dragon, as the Indians termed the tricky Colorado river, for many years had defied all efforts to control it. Finally it threatened to overwhelm the rich Imperial valley of southern California. In a last desperate battle, man triumphed. The raging waters were curbed. The valley was saved. Ednah Aiken, a daughter of the West, realized that a wonderful story could be woven about this thrilling chapter of western history, and this is the story that she has given to the world in "The River." It is a story of the out-of-doors, a story of strong men who forget their own differences in the battle for their lives and property, a story of women who place love and loyalty above comfort and convenience, and of other women who, in the smallness of their souls, fail to meet the test. It is a story that you will enjoy from start to finish.—Editor's Note.

CHAPTER I.

—1—

Marshall Sends for Rickard.

The large round clock was striking nine as "Casey" Rickard's dancing step carried him into the outer office of Tod Marshall. The ushering clerk, coatless and vestless in expectation of the third hot spring day, made a critical appraisement of the engineer's get-up before he spoke. Then he stated that Mr. Marshall had not yet come.

For a London tie and a white silk shirt belted into white serge trousers were smart for Tucson. The clerks in the employ of the Overland Pacific and of the Sonora and Yaqui railroads had stared at Rickard as he entered; they followed his progress through the room. He was a newcomer in Tucson. He had not yet acquired the apathetic habits of its citizens. He wore belts, instead of suspenders. His white trousers, duck or serge, carried a newly pressed crease each morning.

The office had not reached a verdict on the subject of K. C. Rickard. The shirt-sleeved, collarless clerks would have been quick to dub him a dandy were it not for a page of his history that was puzzling them. He had held a chair of engineering in some eastern city. He had resigned, the wind-tossed page said, to go on the road as a fireman. His rapid promotion had been spectacular; the last move, a few years ago, to fill an office position in Tucson. The summons had found him on the west coast of Mexico, where the Overland Pacific was pushing its tracks.

"You can wait here," suggested the clerk, looking covertly at the shoes of the man who a few years before had been shoveling coal on a Wyoming engine. "Mr. Marshall said to wait."

"Ribbons, instead of shoe laces!" carped the human machine that must ever write letters which other men sign. "And a blue pin to match his tie! I call that going some!"

It would never have occurred to Rickard, had he thought about it at all that morning as he knotted his tie of dark, brilliant blue silk, that the selection of his lapis pin was a choice; it was an inevitable result, an instinctive discretion of his fingers. It warped, however, the suspended judgment of Marshall's men, who had never seen him shoveling coal, disfigured by a denim jumper. They did not know that they themselves were slovens, ruined by the climate that dulls vanity and wilts collars.

"Give him a year to change some of his fine habits!" wagered Smythe, the stoop-shouldered clerk, as the door of the inner office closed.

"To change his habits less!" amended the office wit. And then they fell to speculating what Marshall was going to do with him. What pawn was he in the game that everyone in Tucson followed with eager self-interested concern? Marshall's was the controlling hand in Arizona politics; the maker of governors, the arbiter of big corporations; president of a half-dozen railroads. Not a move of his on the board that escaped notice.

On the other side of the door Rickard was echoing the office question. This play job, where did it lead to? He had liked his work, under Stratton. There had been some pretty problems to meet—what did Marshall mean to do with him?

The note had set the appointment for nine. Rickard glanced at his watch and took out his Engineering Review. It would be ten before that door opened on Tod Marshall!

He knew that, on the road, Marshall's work began at dawn. "A man won't break from overwork or rust from underwork if he follows the example of the sun," Rickard had often heard him expound his favorite theory. "It is only the physical sybarites, who can afford to pervert the arrangement nature intended for us." But in Tucson, controlled by the wifely solicitude of his Claudia, he was coerced into a regular perversion. His office never saw him until the morning was half gone.

A half-hour later Rickard finished reading a report on the diversion of a great western river. The name of Thomas Hardin had sent him off on a tangent of memory. The Thomas Hardin whose efforts to bring water to the desert of the Colorado had been so spectacularly unsuccessful was the Tom Hardin he had known! The sister had told him so, the girl with the odd bronze eyes; opal matrix they were, with glints of gold, or was it green? She herself was as unlike the raw boor of his memory as a mountain lily is like the coarse rock of its background. Even a half-sister to Hardin, as Marshall, their host at dinner the week before, had explained it—no, even that did not explain it. That any of the Hardin blood should be shared by the veins of that girl, why it was incredible! The name "Hardin" suggested crudity, loud-mouthed bragging; conceit. He could understand the failure of the river project since the sister had assured him that it was the same Tom Hardin who had gone to college at Lawrence; had married Gerty Holmes. Queer business, life, that he should cross, even so remotely, their orbits again. That was a chapter he liked to skip.

He walked over to the windows, shielded by bright awnings, and looked down on the city where the next few years of his life might be caught. Comforting to reflect that an engineer is like a soldier, never can be certain about tomorrow. Time enough to know that tomorrow meant Tucson! What was that threadbare proverb in the Overland Pacific that Tod Marshall always keeps his men until they lose their teeth? That defined the men who made themselves necessary!

His eyes were resting on the banalities of the modern city that had robbed "old town" of its flavor. Were it not for the beauty of the distant hills, the jar and rumble of the trains whose roar called to near-by pleasure cities, twinkling lights and crowded theaters, stretches of parks and recreation grounds, he, who loved the thrill and confinement of an engine, who had found enticement in a desert, a chapter of adventure in the barrancas of Mexico, would stifle in Tucson! American progress was as yet too thin a veneer on Mexican indifference to make the place endurable—as a city.

"I'm good for a lifetime here, if I want it," his thoughts would work back to the starting place. "If I knuckle down to it, let him grow to depend on me, it's as good as settled that I am buried in Tucson!" Hadn't he heard Marshall himself say that he "didn't keep a kindergarten—that his office wasn't a training school for men!" He wanted his men to stay! That, one of the reasons of the great man's power; detail rested on the shoulders of his employees. It kept his own brain clear, receptive to big achievements.

"Perhaps as the work unrolls, as I see more of what he wants of me, why he wants me, I may like it, I may get

He Walked to the Window.

to shout for Tucson!" It was impossible enough to smile over! Child's work, compared to Mexico.

The distinction of serving Marshall well certainly had its drawbacks. He wanted to sweep on. Whether he had a definite terminal, a concrete goal, had he ever stopped to think? Specialization had always a fascination for him. It was that which had thrown him out of his instructorship into the firebox of a western engine. It had governed his course at college—to know one thing well, and then to prove that he knew it well! Contented in the Mexican barracks, here he was chafing, restive, after a few weeks of Tucson. For what was he getting here? Adding what scrap of experience to the rounding of his profession?

Retrospectively engineering could hardly be said to be the work of his choice. Rather had it appeared to choose him. From boyhood engineers had always been, to him, the soldiers of modern civilization. To conquer and subdue mountains, to shackle wild rivers, to suspend trestles over dizzy heights, to throw the tracks of an advancing civilization along a newly blazed trail, there would always be a thrill in it for him. It had changed the best quarterback of his high school into the primmest of students at college. Only for a short time had he let his vanity sidetrack him, when the honor of teaching what he had learned stopped his own progress. A rut!—He remembered the day when it had burst on him, the realization of the rut he was in. He could see his Lawrence schoolroom, could see yet the face under the red-haired mop belonging to Jerry Matson—queer he remembered the name after all those years! He could picture the look of consternation when he threw down his book and announced his desertion.

He had handed in his resignation the next day. A month later and he was shoveling coal on the steep grades of Wyoming.

"Marshall keeps his men with him!" The engineer's glance traveled around the fleckless office. A stranger to Marshall would get a wrong idea of the man who worked in it! Those precise files, the desk, orderly and polished, the gleaming linoleum—and then the man who made the negro janitor's life a proud burden! His clothes always crumpled—spots, too, unless his Claudia had had a chance at them! Black string tie askew, all the outward visible signs of the southern gentleman of assured ancestry. Not even a valet would ever keep Tod Marshall up to the standard of that office. What did he have servants for, he had demanded of Rickard, if it were not to jump after him, picking up the loose ends he dropped?

Curious thing, magnetism. That man's step on the stair, and every man-jack of them would jump to attention, from Ben, the colored janitor, who would not swap his post for a sinecure so long as Tod Mashall's one lung kept him in Arizona, to Smythe, the stoop-shouldered clerk, who had followed Marshall's cough from San Francisco. It was said in Arizona—he himself had met the statement in Tucson—that any man who had ever worked for Tod Marshall would rather be warmed by the reflection of his greatness than be given posts of personal distinction.

Was it office routine Marshall intended him for? He admired without stint Tod Marshall, but he preferred to work by the side of the other kind, the strong men, without physical handicap, the men who take risks, the men who live the life of soldiers. That was the life he wanted. He would wait long enough to get Marshall's intention, and then, if it meant—this! he would break loose. He would go back to the front where he belonged—back to the firing line.

As the hands of the round clock in the outer office were pointing to ten the door opened and Marshall entered. His clothes, of indefinite blackish hue, would have disgraced an eastern man. His string tie had a starboard list, and his hat was ready for a rummage sale. But few would have looked at his clothes. The latent energy of the dynamic spirit that would frequently turn that quiet office into a maelstrom gleamed in those Indian-black eyes. Beneath the shabby cloth one suspected the daily polished skin; under the old slouch hat was the mouth of purpose, the lips that no woman, even his Claudia, had kissed without the thrill of fear.

Marshall glanced back at the clock, and then toward his visitor.

"On time!" he observed.

Rickard, smiling, put his book in his pocket.

CHAPTER II.

A Bit of Oratory.

Marshall threw his hat on a chair, the morning paper on his desk. He aimed his burned-out cigar at the nearest cuspidor, but it fell foul, the ashes scattering over Sam's lately scoured linoleum. Instantly there was appearance of settled disorder. Marshall emptied his pockets of loose papers, spreading them out on his flat-top desk.

"Sit down!"

Rickard took the chair at the other side of the desk.

Marshall rang a bell. Instantly the shirt-sleeved clerk entered.

"I shall not see anyone," the chief announced. "I don't want to be interrupted. Take these to Smythe."

His eyes followed the shutting of the door, then turned square upon Rickard. "I need you. It's a h—l of a mess!"

The engineer wanted to know what kind of a "mess" it was.

"That river. It's running away from them. I'm going to send you down to stop it."

"The Colorado!" exclaimed Rickard. It was no hose to be turned, simply, off from a garden bed.

"Of course you've been following it? It's one of the biggest things that's happened in this part of the world. Too big for the men who have been trying to swing it. You've followed it?"

"Yes." Queer coincidence, reading that report just now! "I've not been there. But the engineering papers used to get to me in Mexico. I've read all the reports."

His superior's question was uncharacteristically superfluous. Who had not read with thrilled nerves of that

"I Am Going to Send You Down to the Break."

wild river which men had been trying to put under work harness? Who, even among the stay-at-homes, had not followed the newspaper stories of the failure to make a meek servant and water carrier of the Colorado, that wild steed of mountain and desert? What engineer, no matter how remote, would not "follow" that spectacular struggle between men and Titans?

"Going to send me to Salton?" he inquired. The railroad had been kept jumping to keep its feet dry. His job to be by that inland sea which last year had been desert!

"No. Brainerd is there. He can manage the tracks. I am going to send you down to the break."

Rickard did not answer. He felt the questioning eyes of his chief.

The break—where those Hardins were—how in thunder was he going to get out of that, and save his skin? Marshall liked his own way—

"We'll consider it settled, then."

"Who's in charge there?" Rickard was only gaining time. He thought he knew the name he would hear. Marshall's first word surprised him.

"No one. Up to a few months ago it was Hardin, Tom Hardin. He was general manager of the company. He was allowed to resign, to save his face, as the Chinese say. I may tell you that it was a case of firing. He'd made a terrible fluke down there."

"I know," murmured Rickard. It was growing more difficult, more distasteful. If Marshall wanted him to supplant Hardin! It had been incredible, that man's folly! Reckless gambling, nothing else. Make a cut in the banks of a wild river, without putting in head gates to control it; a child would guess better! It was a problem now, all right; the writer of the report he'd just read wasn't the only one who was prophesying failure. Let the river cut back, and the government works at Laguna would be useless; a pickle Hardin had made.

Still to gain time he suggested that Marshall tell him the situation. "I've followed only the engineering side of it. I don't know the relationship of the two companies."

"Where the railroad came in? The inside of that story? I'm responsible—I guaranteed to Faraday the closing of that break. There was a big district to save, a district that the railroad tapped—but I'll tell you that later." He was leisurely puffing blue, perfectly formed rings into the air, his eyes admiring them.

"Perhaps you've heard how Estrada, the general, took a party of men into the desert to sell a mine he owned. After the deal was made he decided to let it slip. He'd found something bigger to do, more to his liking than the sale of a mine. Estrada was a big man, a great man. He had the idea Powell and others had, of turning the river, of saving the desert. He dreamed himself of doing it. If sickness hadn't come to him the Colorado would be meekly carrying water now instead of flooding a country. Pity Eduardo, the son, is not like him. He's like his mother—you never know what they are dreaming about. Not at all alike, my wife and Estrada's."

Then it came to Rickard that he had heard somewhere that Marshall and General Estrada had married sisters, famous beauties of Guadalajara. He began to piece together the personal background of the story.

"It was a long time before Estrada could get it started, and it's a long story. As soon as he began he was knocked down. Other men took hold. You'll hear it all in the valley. Hardin took a day to tell it to me! He sees himself as a martyr. Promoters got in; the thing swelled into a swindle, a spectacular swindle. They showed oranges on Broadway before a drop of water was brought in. Hardin has lots of grievances! He'd made the original survey. So when he sued for his back wages he took the papers of the bankrupt company in settlement. He's a grim sort of ineffectual bulldog. He's clung with his teeth to the Estrada idea. And he's not big enough for it. He uses the optimistic method—gives you only half of a case, half of the problem, gets started on a false premise. Well, he got up another company on that method, the Desert Reclamation company, tried to whitewash the desert project; it was in bad odor then, and he managed to bring a few drops of water to the desert."

"It was Hardin who did that?"

"But he couldn't deliver enough. The cut silted up. He cut again, the same story. He was in a pretty bad hole. He'd brought colonists in already; he'd used their money, the money they'd paid for land with water, to make the cuts. No wonder he was desperate."

It recalled the man Rickard had disliked, the rough-shod, loud-voiced student of his first class in engineering. That was the man who had made the flamboyant carpets of the Holmes' boarding house impossible any longer to him. He had a sudden disconcerting vision of a large unfinished face peering through the honeysuckles at a man and a girl drawing apart in confusion from their first and last kiss. He wanted to tell Marshall he was wasting his time.

"Overwhelmed with lawsuits," Marshall was saying. "Hardin had to deliver water to those colonists. It was then that he ran over into Mexico, so as to get a better gradient for his canal, and made his cut there. You know the rest. It ran away from him. It made the Salton sea."

"Did he ever give you any reason," frowned Rickard reminiscently, "any reasonable reason why he made that cut without any head gate?"

"No money!" shrugged Marshall, getting out another cigar. "I told you he's a raw dancer, always starts off too quick, begins on the wrong foot. Oh, yes, he has reasons, lots of them, that fellow, but, as you say, they're not reasonable. He never waits to get ready."

Why was it that the face of the half-sister came to Rickard then, with that look of sensitive high breeding and guarded reserve? And she a Hardin! Sister to the loud-spilling mouth! Queer cards nature deals! And pretty cards Marshall was trying to deal out to him. Go down there and finish Hardin's job, show him up to be the fumbler he was, give him orders, give the husband of Gerty Holmes orders—!

"It was Hardin who came to me, but not until he'd tried everything else. They'd worked for months trying to dam the river with a few lace handkerchiefs, and perhaps a chiffon veil!" Marshall was twinkling over his own humor. "Hardin did put up a good talk. It was true, as he said; we'd had to move our tracks three, no, four times at Salton. It was true that it ought to be one of the richest districts tapped by the O. P. But he clenched me by a clever bait—to put out a spur in Mexico which would keep any other railroad off by a fifty-mile parallel, and there the sandhills make a railroad impossible.

"The government must eventually come to the rescue. Their works at Laguna hang on the control of the river down at the heading. Once, he told me—I don't know how much truth there was in it—the service, reclamation service, did try to buy up their plant for a paltry sum. He wouldn't sell. The short is, I recommended long-sighted assistance to Faraday. I promised to turn that river, save the district. We expected before the year was out to have the government take the responsibility off our hands."

Rickard made an impatient shrug. A nice problem Marshall had taken unto himself. He wanted none of it. Hardin—the thing was impossible.

He met laggardly Marshall's story. He heard him say: "Agreed with Faraday. The Desert Reclamation company was as helpless as a swaddled infant. We made the condition that we reorganize the company. I was put in Hardin's place as president of the corporation, and he was made general manager. Of course we had to control the stock. We put up two hundred thousand dollars—Hardin had estimated it would cost us less than half that! It's cost us already a million. Things haven't been going right. Faraday's temper burst out, and Hardin a while back was asked to resign."

"And it is Hardin's position that you want me to fill?" His voice sounded queer to himself—dry, mocking, as if anyone should know what an absurd thing he was being asked to do. He felt Marshall's sharp Indian eyes on him, as if detecting a pettiness. Well, he didn't care how Marshall interpreted it. That place wasn't for him.

"I want you in control down there." Rickard knew he was being appraised, balanced all over again. It made no difference—

"I'm sorry," he was beginning, when Marshall cut in.

"Good Lord, you are not going to turn it down?"

He met Marshall's incredulous stare. "It's a job I'd jump at under most circumstances. But I can't go, sir."

Tom Marshall leaned back the full swing of his swivel chair, blankly astounded. His eyes told Rickard that he had been found wanting—he had white blood in his veins.

"It is good of you to think of me—pshaw! it is absurd to say these things. You know that I know it is an honor to be picked out by you for such a piece of work. I'd like to—but I can't."

The president of railroads, who knew men, had been watching the play of feature. "Take your time," he said. "Don't answer too hastily. Take your time."

He was playing the fool, or worse, before Marshall, whom he respected, whose partisanship meant so much. But he couldn't help it. He couldn't tell that story—he knew that Marshall would brush it aside as a child's episode. He couldn't make it clear to the man whose stare was balancing him why he could not oust Tom Hardin.

"Is it a personal reason?" Marshall's gaze had returned to his ring making.

Rickard admitted it was personal.

"Then I don't accept it. I wouldn't be your friend if I didn't advise you to disregard the little thing, to take the big thing. Maybe you are going to be married." He did not wait for Rickard's vigorous negative. "That

"Just Stop That River!"

can wait. The river won't. There's a river running away down yonder, ruining the valley, ruining the homes of families men have carried in with them. I've asked you to save them. There's a debt of honor to be paid. My promise. I have asked you to pay it. There's history being written in that desert. I've asked you to write it. And you say 'No—'"

"No! I say yes!" clipped Rickard. The Marshall oratory had swept him to his feet.

The dramatic moment was chilled by their Anglo-Saxon self-consciousness. An awkward silence hung. Then:

"When can you go?"

"Today, tomorrow, the first train out."

"Good!"

"Any instructions?"

"Just stop that river!"

"The expense?" demanded the engineer. "How far can I go."

"D——n the expense!" cried Tod Marshall. "Just go ahead."

Rickard "goes in" and as he goes he begins to comprehend something of the difficulties of the job that he has undertaken. He learns why the valley distrusts the D. R., as the valley calls the company which Hardin fathered and which peopled the desert. "Go in" with Rickard in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Virtue Can Be Overdone.

Selflessness and complaisance are beautiful virtues, but do not forget that a virtue carried to excess may become the most irritating and difficult of failings.

Queens

Ancient queens, with all their fabled wealth, never had more than is here for your selection. Our reliable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

FOUNDED 1862
MAKERS OF JEWELRY
166 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

BARGAINS IN USED CARS

50 splendid used cars--Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Nationals--$250 to $800. Guaranteed first class running condition--easy terms if wanted by right parties. Write for detailed list and description, Used Car Dept.,
Randall-Dodd Auto Co., Salt Lake City

SEND US YOUR FROZEN, LEAKY, DAMAGED RADIATORS

We pay transportation one way. Returned like new. ACETYLINE WELDING in all its branches. We save you time and money.
H. & E. Radiator & Welding Co.
252 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

HELP WANTED If you want big wages learn barber trade. Many small towns need barbers; good opportunities open for men over draft age. Barbers in army have good as officers commission. Get prepared in few weeks. Call or write. **Moler Barber College,** 43 S. West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

TURKS' "FEAST OF BAIRAM"

Day That Is Observed by Moslem Corresponds With the Christmas of the Christians.

The Turk takes his pleasures pretty sadly; about the only time he publicly relaxes is during the feat of Bairam, which in the way of gift giving, feasting and good will to man corresponds to our Christmas. On that day every good Moslem kills a lamb, its fleece dyed a bright orange with gold or silver leaf, says the Christian Science Monitor.

When the lamb has been sacrificed on the morning of the festival, its flesh is divided into three portions, one being given to the poor, another to relatives, the third being kept for the household. On that day the sultan goes to the mosque which is nearest the Yildiz Kiosk—the vast assemblage of buildings which go to make up the imperial residence—thousands collect to watch the bent, frock coated, yellow faced, blackeyed, red fezzed little man driven sadly by, in a plain black barouche; followed by regiments of cavalry, infantry and marines; also—a quaint custom—by a half-dozen led horses—beautiful, graceful Arabians.

The month-long fast of Ramazan is held by the Moslem to be a divine institution. Its observance is strictly enjoined on all true believers over the age of fourteen, invalids and travelers only excepted. Ramazan is held in the ninth month of the Mohammedan year. The Moslem year being lunar, Ramazan makes in the course of time the round of the seasons. But through the winter days, from sunrise to sunset, the pious Mohammedan does not take a bit of food or sup of drink; he also abstains entirely from coffee, tobacco and sweets. But the moment the echoes of the sunset gun have died he is at liberty to break his fast.

Gautier and His Cats.

One of Gautier's peculiarities was love for cats. As soon as he could conveniently do so he afforded himself the luxury of twelve of the handsomest felines that money could purchase. It was an interesting sight to behold this Hercules in his writing room playing with his regiment of cats, whom he had taught to love one another as they did himself. When some of them broke a valuable object of art—his study, by the way, was a curiosity shop—he seriously deliberated upon getting rid of them; but when the man he had engaged came to remove the obnoxious pets, he relented and sent him away. He named each one of them after some well-known person to whom he fancied it bore resemblance, physical or otherwise. He seldom wrote anything without a cat or two in his lap.—Maurice Mauris.

Arctic Circle Flower Garden.

A flower garden in Spitzbergen sounds like an anomaly, Spitzbergen being within the arctic circle. A party of British travelers, struck with the beauty of a plateau, called it the Flower Garden ever after. It was in the nineties of last century and the party that of Sir Martin Conway. Landing in midsummer on one of the headlands by Dickinson bay, they were impressed with the deep water, clear as crystal, the marvelous wealth of seaweed, the splendor of a great glacier and the sharp blue peaks of the mountains separating glacier from glacier; while in another direction, over Advent point, coiled wreaths of ragged clouds. Added to it all was a carpet of flowers—andromeda, saxafrages and dryas; so the Flower Garden was actual after all.

French in South America.

Throughout South America French is almost universally read; editions of the classics are in most homes, and book stores are filled with modern French writers of prose or verse, both in translation and in the original.

Wholesome Don't.

Don't lose your temper. It is of far more importance to keep good tempered and undisturbed even if things do go a little wrong than to set the nerves of the whole family on edge because of some omission.

Weekly Health Talks

GOING BACK TO NATURE

BY DR. W. LUCAS.

People get sick because they go away from Nature, and the only way to get well is to go back. Something grows out of the ground in the form of vegetation to cure almost every ill. Some of these vegetable growths are understood by man, and some are not. Animals, it would seem, know what to do when they are sick better than men and women. Observers have noted that a sick horse, dog or cat will stop eating food and seek out some vegetable growth in the field or yard, which, when found and eaten, often restores appetite and health. Haven't you seen these animals do this very thing yourself?

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found the herbs and roots provided by Nature to overcome constipation, and he had these vegetables collected and made up of Mayapple, leaves of Aloe, root of Jalap, into little white sugar-coated pills, that he called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. You must understand that when your intestines are stopped up, poisons and decayed matter are imprisoned in your system, and these are carried by the blood throughout your body. Thus does your head ache, you get dizzy, you can't sleep, your skin may break out, your appetite declines, you get tired and despondent. As a matter of fact, you may get sick all over. Don't you see how useless all this suffering is? All that is often needed is a few of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which he has placed in all drug stores for your convenience and health. Try them by all means. They are probably the very thing you need right now.

The Class.

"Speech is a mighty engine of action."

"I must admit it is often a hot-air engine."

UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Don't stay upset! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.

No waiting! Pape's Diapepsin will put you on your feet. As soon as you eat one of these pleasant, harmless tablets all the indigestion, gases, acidity and stomach distress ends. Your druggist sells them. Adv.

Naturally.

"Are that deaf and dumb couple on bad terms?"

"Well, they don't speak."

Don't trifle with a cold —it's dangerous.

You can't afford to risk Influenza.

Keep always at hand a box of

HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Calf Enemies

WHITE SCOURS BLACKLEG

Your Veterinarian can stamp them out with **Cutter's** Anti-Calf Scour Serum and **Cutter's Germ Free** Blackleg Filtrate and Aggressin, or **Cutter's** Blackleg Pills.

Ask him about them. If he hasn't our literature, write to us for information on these products.

The Cutter Laboratory
Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.
"The Laboratory That Knows How"

Both Beef and Milk

THE one breed that excels in both beef and milk is the Shorthorn. Shorthorn steers repeatedly broke the records at the markets in 1918, making the highest record on the open market of $20.50 per cwt. And Shorthorn cows have milk records of over 17,000 lbs. per year. *It is the farmer's breed,* having *extra scale, quality* and *quiet temperament.*

Good Medicine Is needed promptly to ward off **COLDS AND LA GRIPPE.** Ask for **AWEEKS' BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS - 25c** All druggists sell them.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 8--1919.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A small bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.

To be possessed of a head of heavy beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—it costs but a few cents—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. Adv.

The Kind.

"Have they any soft drinks here?"

"Yes, all but the hard water."—Baltimore American.

Get New Kidneys!

The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering out and throwing off the poisons developed in the system, things begin to happen.

One of the first warnings is pain or stiffness in the lower part of the back; highly colored urine; loss of appetite; indigestion; irritation, or even stone in the bladder. These symptoms indicate a condition that may lead to that dreaded and fatal malady, Bright's disease, for which there is said to be no cure.

Do not delay a minute. At the first indication of trouble in the kidney, liver, bladder or urinary organs start taking Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules, and save yourself before it is too late. Instant treatment is necessary in kidney and bladder troubles. A delay is often fatal.

You can almost certainly find immediate relief in Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules. For more than 200 years this famous preparation has been an unfailing remedy for all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles.

It is the pure, original Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used. About two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Get it at any drug store, and if it does not give you almost immediate relief, your money will be refunded. Be sure you get the GOLD MEDAL brand. None other genuine. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Young America's Question.

"That caps the climax."

"Doesn't the climax ever go bare headed, pa?"

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Opposites Meeting.

"Let that man down easy."

"Why?"

"He's hard up."

Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

When a man compliments a woman, she always admires his frankness.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SCISSOR-TAILED FLYCATCHER.

"Far south, south of the United States during the winter," said Daddy, "there is a bird known as the Scissor-Tailed Flycatcher."

"We haven't heard of a new bird or a new animal in ever so long," said Nancy. "Do tell us about this one, Daddy."

"Yes, do," urged Nick.

"He is known by such a name because he has a very long tail which is very much the shape of a pair of scissors. In fact his tail is like two tails which open and shut as one would open and close a pair of scissors.

"He is very graceful and beautiful and he loves the air and not the ground. He very seldom cares about coming to the ground, for he thinks that the ground is for creatures who walk and the air for creatures who fly and that it is silly to do both."

"He wouldn't believe it sensible to be a man and ride in an airplane, eh?" asked Nick.

"I don't suppose he would," said Daddy. "Well, to continue about his ways and habits and looks. He loves the woods and the best meals, he thinks, are meals of insects. He goes off flying for them between meals just as ladies go marketing.

"Instead of saying to a shopkeeper, 'How much is that piece of meat?' he says, 'I will catch you, Miss Insect, and you'll be my dinner, you will.'"

"He opens and closes his scissor-like tail when he does his marketing just as ladies would open and close their purses after they had bought something.

"His home is a very large nest, and it is made of anything at all—grass and bits of cloth and strings and bits of twigs. He doesn't care whether his nest is in a big tree or a little tree or whether it is high, high above the ground or just a little above the ground. In fact, he is very good-natured.

"Mrs. Scissor-Tailed Flycatcher has a happy time with such a pleasant mate and she is pleasant herself which makes them both happy.

"The event of her life is hatching time. When she is sitting on four whitish brown eggs which will soon be little scissor-tailed flycatchers she is as happy as a bird can be, and that is pretty happy, as you can imagine.

"I am going to tell you now about Mr. Scissor-Tailed Flycatcher and his talk to an insect.

"'Little insect,' said Mr. Scissor-Tailed Flycatcher, 'I am very well named. I am called a flycatcher and I catch flies. But I don't only catch flies. I catch insects as well.' The little insect moved a wing but it was captured by Mr. Flycatcher and couldn't do anything.

"'I wouldn't admire myself if I could only catch flies,' said Mr. Flycatcher, 'any more than I would admire children who learned how to read but not to write. So I catch insects too.'

"'I don't need to be told that,' the insect whispered.

"'Very well,' said the Flycatcher, 'I will take up another subject. I only told you in case you didn't know. But it is nice to go on to another lesson. Children go on from reading and writing to arithmetic and then on to something known as algebra.'

"'You're very much interested in children,' said the insect.

"'Yes,' said the Flycatcher, 'I am. Children enjoy good things to eat. That is sensible of them.'

"The insect shivered again. It knew that soon, soon it would be eaten.

"'I have a secret to tell you next,' said the Flycatcher. 'I don't go on the ground as it would be very uncomfortable for me. I try it once in a while but my long tail makes it hard for me to get along.

"'I am at my best when flying. Then my tail spreads out and closes.

"'And another thing, little insect, I live here in the winters because it is cold further north, but even in the summers I live far, far South, for I like heat and not mere warmth.

"'In a little while now I will be moving to my summer home—but it will be a few months still and in the meantime I will enjoy the scenery around these parts—and the insects as well.

"'Ah, I'm a wise bird. I didn't eat you when I had had enough though still could eat more. I waited until I had worked up an appetite once more. I have had a good talk. Now I am hungry. Now I will enjoy a dish of afternoon insect, though I won't bother whether it is afternoon or not—for I believe, truly, it is still morning. But I will enjoy you, little insect.'

"And the insect heard no more for he had been swallowed by the Flycatcher."

Expecting to Succeed.

When you have undertaken a piece of work, dismiss from your mind the fear of failure. Nothing is so confusing to the judgment, so paralyzing to the energy, as the expectation that you are not going to succeed. It takes more than than self-confidence to make a life a success, but success is in a measure dependent on expecting to succeed.—Girl's Companion.

Pa's Idea of It.

"Say, pa, what is the 'pale of civilization?'"

"Oh! I suppose it's some new brand of face powder, my son."

Forty Five Years of Success The astonishing Record of PERUNA

Not a cure-all, but a rational remedy for catarrh and all inflammation and congestion of the mucous membranes.

Catarrh attacks the mucous linings, in any organ, in any part of the body. It is not, as some imagine, confined to the nose and throat, although nasal catarrh is the most common form and afflicts many people.

Unchecked catarrh soon breaks down the tissue and destroys the organs or part. Evidence of the ravages of catarrh are all around us. Without desire to frighten anyone, we say: "Guard yourself against catarrh as you would against the direst plague. Fortify your system. Take Peruna."

INSPIRING WORDS FOR THE SICK FROM THOSE WHO KNOW.

A Good Medicine in the Family.

I had a bad case of LaGrippe and could get no relief. Peruna cured me. It is a fine medicine. We often use it in the family and find it good.
MRS. GENTRY GATES,
East Lake Station, 8225 First Avenue,
Birmingham, Alabama.

FEELS LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON.

Peruna has cured my stomach and I feel like a different person. I only took twelve bottles of Peruna and can eat anything without distress, something I have not done for fifteen years.

I recommend Peruna to everybody suffering with catarrh of the stomach.
1029 16th St.,
Columbus, Georgia. J. J. THOMPSON.

FOR ALL FORMS OF CATARRH.

Peruna is indicated for all forms of catarrh or catarrhal inflammation and congestion of the mucous linings in any part or organ, such as nose, throat, bronchial tubes, lungs, stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, etc. It is fine for coughs, colds and effects of the grip and an excellent preventive remedy.

If you want health, insist upon having Dr. Hartman's World Famous Peruna Tonic.

Sold Everywhere.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK.

All sick and suffering should write The Peruna Company, Dept. S-82, Columbus, Ohio, for Dr. Hartman's Health Book. The book is free and contains perhaps just the information you are seeking. It is sent in a plain wrapper to any address.

DO IT TODAY.
IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM.
Ask your dealer for a Peruna Almanac.

Not So Easy.

"So you are writer?"

"Some so allege."

"It must be nice to put your ideas into print."

"That part is all right. The tough part is in filling space when you haven't any ideas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ask the Chairman, He Knows.

The sweet young thing was visiting the state senate.

"Oh, tell me," she squiggled, "where do the standing committees stand?"

Base Ballistically Speaking.

"Do you favor a league of nations?"

"Yes," replied the baseball fan. "But I doubt whether all the nations can get into one league. There always has to be a few minor leagues for the development of talent."

Cruel Suspicion.

"My ancestors came over with the early settlers." "I don't doubt it; they didn't deport them then."

The older a lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes.

Acid-Stomach Now Quickly Relieved

Those painful attacks of indigestion, heart-burn, belching, disgusting food-repeating; that puffy bloated, lumpy feeling after eating, dyspepsia and stomach miseries — all point to just one awful American disease—commonly known as ACID-STOMACH.

Fortunately there has been discovered a wonderful modern remedy—called EATONIC—that brings instant relief from all these stomach miseries because it absorbs the hurtful excess acid in the stomach and drives out the bloat and gas. You won't know you have a stomach, so free of pain you'll feel. Besides, it saves you from more serious ailments because it is a scientific fact that ACID-STOMACH frequently creates conditions which baffle the best medical skill. Many cases of chronic stomach trouble, biliousness, severe headache, general weakness, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, intestinal ulcer, cancer of the stomach, heart pains and even heart failure can be traced directly to Acid-Stomach.

Avoid these dangers—don't let acid-stomach wreck your health. Don't drag out your days feeling all in, down and out, weak and ailing. Keep the vital spark flashing. Eat the things you like and digest your food in comfort. Then you'll feel fine—be fit—mentally alert—have pep and punch—the power and will to do things.

Take EATONIC and give your stomach the help to put it in a fine, healthy condition so that it will digest your food perfectly and make every mouthful you eat register 100% in enriching your blood and building up your bodily strength.

Get a big box of EATONIC TABLETS from your druggist today. They taste good—just like a bit of candy. The cost is trifling. It is absolutely guaranteed. If it fails to relieve your stomach misery, your druggist will refund your money.

TAKE EATONIC TODAY
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

All Right.

"The man you see yonder is a well-known grafter, but he is never molested."

"How is that?"

"Because he's a skin doctor and grafting is his specialty."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.
Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A cat may look the personified innocence, but it is just as well to keep the canary's cage closed.

What our enemies say ought not to be taken as evidence.—Olive Logan.

Your Eyes **Granulated Eyelids,** Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust** and **Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy.** No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For **Book of the Eye** free write **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.**

Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

Stop Losing Calves

You can **Stamp Abortion Out** of YOUR HERD and **Keep It Out**

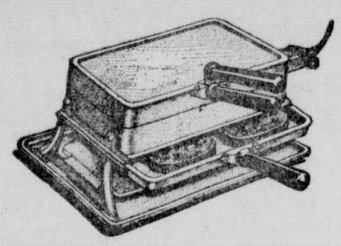
By the use of
DR. DAVID ROBERTS'
"Anti-Abortion"
Small Expense
Easily Applied. Sure Results
Used successfully for 30 years
Consult DR. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on Abortion in Cows. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 100 Grand Ave., Waukesha, Wisc.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Stop Your Coughing
No need to let that cough persist. Stop the irritation, and remove tickling and hoarseness by soothing the inflamed throat with

PISO'S

Toaster Stove



This famous HOT POINT TOASTER STOVE is economical, convenient, clean and a great labor saver. Quickly cooks eggs, griddle cakes, toast, fries meat e The first cost is light, the up-keep noth-,ng, and the convenience, once experienced, will make it indespensible.

Electric Repairs of all kinds lines, lights, switches and novelties installed.

Sierra Madre Electric Co.

G. I. FARMAN, Manager

SEED TIME—
Plant a Garden and some Flowers.

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H.HARTMAN & SON

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. BALDWIN AVE. PHONE BLACK 25

We Sell Germicidal Soap

GROVER C. COLEMAN, Special Agent, Standard Oil Company
Monrovia, California

W. F. HATFIELD THE OLD RELIABLE

Realty and Insurance Broker

Still Doing Business at the Old Stand

REPRESENTING

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

Writing Insurance For

Life, Sickness, or Accident, Single and Combination Policies for Men and Women

Fire and Automobile Insurance. Employers Liability Insurance

W. F. HATFIELD

Commissioned Notary Public. 144 North Mountain Trail

TRADE AT HOME

And let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888

Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

FIRE and AUTOMOBILE **INSURANCE**

Geo. A. Oswald

Phone Black 79 90 East Central Ave.

PLANT NOW!

CITRUS TREES	ORNAMENTAL TREES
AVOCADOS	PALMS
SHRUBS	BEDDING PLANTS
DAHLIAS	ROSES
HEDGE PLANTS	VINES

Hardy stock of any of the above plants in variety, ready to plant out at once. Prices very reasonable.

Phone Your Wants We Deliver

Irving N. Ward Nursery

Phone Blue 29. Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

Subscription $2.00, Yearly in Advance
Six months $1.00
Three Months ..... .50
Paper Stopped at Expiration.
Telephone - - - - Black 42

THE MAJOR SAYS:

Is insect powder good for autobugs?

***

Is a man a "sound" sleeper just because he snores?

***

Uncle Si Nosum who is nearly bald, claims there is not a dishonest hair in his head. They are strictly upright—both of 'em.

***

Maurice Rheymer wants to know if a man has been married three times, is his wife his better half or his last third.

***

Many a woman would be glad to enter into life partnership with a man and trot down the highway in his company—if he would give her controlling interest.

***

Josh Oldboy's cat ate somebody's dog poison by mistake and Maurice Rheymer submits the following obituary:

No more he'll make us cuss and swear
Or brickbats at him fire;
He's sashayed from this world of care
And gone to meet Ma-ri-ar.

***

Auntie Work has come out strong against Sierra Madre as a health resort, which she says would bring more people here and make more work for us all. She says we are sleeping comfortably now and what's the use of waking us up.

***

Grandpa Josh Oldboy attended the banquet on a proxy ticket and was greatly interested in the musical program until he heard a neighbor remark that one of the numbers was by Meyerbeer. Josh said he didn't take to these newfangled brands, but if they had some Anheuser on tap—well that was different.

***

I know a sweet little child who's constant companion, playmate and protector was an affectionate and faithful dog. One day the family went visiting and the child cried because the dog couldn't go along. All through that visit the baby heart mourned for the dog and as they were returning home it could hardly wait until it greeted its playmate again. Arrived at the house the little kiddie eagerly sought the dog, but repeated excited calls failed to bring the usual joyous bark and a little later the family found the child on the ground hugging the dog with all its little strength while heartbreaking sobs shook its little body—for the dog was dead, a victim of the stealthy poisoner. Oh, well; it was only a dog; but—

THE MAJOR.

READ "THE RIVER"

Every Californian is interested in the development of the great Imperial Valley and will enjoy reading a story, the action of which centers around a great dam and irrigating project for this immense territory. The red blood human interest will grip and hold you to the end where they lived happy ever after.

The opening chapters commence on page two of this paper. Be sure and read it.

NEWS WANTAD LINERS

(Rates 5 cents a line—cash in advance.)

WANTED—Fifty more wantads in this column.

WANTED—Fox terrier male pup wanted, no fancy stock. Address S. Darnoc, News office.

LOST—Small round gold pin near Scenic Point March 2nd. Finder please leave at News office. 24*

FOR RENT—Front room connected with bath and sun parlor. 247 San Gabriel court. Phone Black 115. 25c

WANTED—I want to rent a Remington or Underwood typewriter. Answer typewriter care News office. 25

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with heat. Lots of air and sun all day. Phone Red 68. 169 W. Montecito. 25

WANTED—A competent woman to come in to do a little cleaning in four room bungalow and to prepare dinner. Hours 10:30 to 1:30 p. m. Mrs. Perry, 4 Bella Vista Terrace. Reply to News office. 25*

FARMERS IN BEST FINANCIAL SHAPE OF RECENT YEARS

Smooth Transition of Agriculture to Peace Basis Predicted by Federal Reserve Board

American farmers are in better financial shape than they have been for years, according to a recent report of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, which also predicts a smooth transition of agriculture and industry from a war to a peace basis. The board's review of economic conditions throughout the country is based on detailed reports made to it by the governors of the twelve federal reserve banks.

"The farmer is said to be in the best financial shape for many years," the review says. "In the South he is able to hold his cotton for better prices and is marketing his output conservatively.

"Excellent crop prospects are reported from the wheat states of the West and from California. On the Pacific Coast the prospects for excellent crops are exceedingly bright."

"Victory year" crops, according to another government report, added $17,000,000,000 to our wealth. The principal contributions were:

Corn—2,582,814,000 bushels, $3,528,313,000.

Wheat—917,100,000 bushels, $1,874,623,000.

Oats—1,538,359,000 bushels, $1,092,423,000.

Barley—256,375,000 bushels, $235,269,000.

Rye—89,103,000 bushels, $134,947,000.

Potatoes—397,676,000 bushels, $475,731,000.

Hay—75,459,000 tons, $1,522,473,000.

Tobacco — 1,340,019,000 pounds, $374,318,000.

Apples—173,632,000 barrels, $229,990,000.

As a result of the flourishing condition of the farmer in general the government expects him to take a large block of Victory Liberty Loan Bonds in April.

WOMEN OF WEST AGAIN CALLED TO THE COLORS

By MRS. A. S. BALDWIN, Chairman Woman's Liberty Loan Committee of the Twelfth Reserve District.

We have at the present time about two million men in Europe who must be provided with all that is necessary to keep them in good spirits and condition; and when their work shall have been finished, they must be brought home and demobilized. The Government must make good the contracts it has entered into for the construction of all war munitions, and for food supplies already bought.

Having responded to the Government's calls in the past, and having loaned our money ungrudgingly to hurry forward the men and supplies, and victory having come to us because

MRS. A. S. BALDWIN

of this, shall we hesitate for a moment to respond to the last call—the Victory Liberty Loan—when we can do so by pledging our credit, perhaps with some little personal inconvenience, sacrifice or small discomfort?

The blood of the young manhood of America is not now required. That was generously given before the armistice was signed, and now we may give thanks that no more will be taken.

The credit and good faith of our country is at stake. We have won the war, and the cost is small compared with what has been won. The men of the West with red blood in their veins will not need to be appealed to, because they will subscribe to this last call of the Government as ungrudgingly as they did in the past. There are others, however, who may not be so keenly and conscientiously alive to the duty of responding to the Nation's call, and it is to those that the women must direct their most untiring efforts.

This last call is truly a Victory Loan. What greater pride can men and women experience than in contributing to it? A Victory Bond will be worth more than its price expressed in dollars. Every one will be a badge testifying that the holder has helped his country to fulfill its pledge to those who have been spared as well as those who have made the supreme sacrifice.

Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

The Central Market

M. D. WELSHER, Grocer

FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES, GROCERIES
Quality and Quantity Guaranteed

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY ONLY—

Large cans Iris Aspargus....30c Large cans Island Asparagus 25c

Large can Helmet Asparagus 25c

LIMIT 6 CANS TO CUSTOMER

$1.25 Marchino cherries 75c bottle 75c Marchino cherries 40c bottle

Large cans of Heinz Baked Beans, plain, kidney or tomato sauce 20c
Large can Van Camp, Iris, DelMonte brands baked beans 20c
Large can of Stetson brand baked beans for 18c

Pink Beans 10c lb.; Lady Washington or Navy beans per pound 12c

Bulk Rolled Oats 3 pounds for 25c

Nice Lean Pot Roast at 24c pound

Still selling that Large Loaf of Bread for 10c
Rye, White, Raisin, Cracked Wheat, French, Graham, or Whole Wheat

We sell Pearl Oil in Sealed cans, guaranteed not to smoke 5 gal $1.30
10 gallon case $2.50

Paints and . . . . . Brushes

You have been thinking the house needed painting, or perhaps the bedroom, or the kitchen floor, or maybe it was the barn or garage. Well our stock of ready mixed paints is complete and we have proper paint for every job, inside or outside, and the quality is guaranteed.

Special—Good broom for 65c

BERGIEN BROS.

Sierra Madre

WITH OUR CHURCHES

Congregational
"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister

Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Newman 5ssick, Supt. 11 a. m. Morning worship and sermon, "The Prodigal's Father." 7:30 p. m. evening service, lecture-sermon "Woodrow Wilson."

Next Wednesday the third lecture in the series on "Christian Healing" will be given by Rev. Robert M. Webster in the church auditorium at 7:30.

The Ladies Aid society of the Congregational church will serve a supper at the church next Thursday evening at 6:30 o'clock. Everybody invited.

Bethany
Rev. H. J. Baldwin, Pastor

Sunday Services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Morning subjects: Sermon to Little tle Man and Women, A Fisher Lad, sermon, The Personalty of God. Evening subject, The Key to the Storehouse.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m., subject, "Matter."

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

Church of Ascension

Rev. William Carson Shaw, Rector

Sunday services: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; Morning prayer, 11 a. m.; Evening prayer, 7:30 p. m. Weekday Lenten services: Wednesdays, Litany 10 a. m.; Evening prayer, 7:30; Thursday, Holy Communion, 10 a. m.; Friday, Litany, 10 a. m. Evening prayer 4 p. m.

Woman's Bible Class

Meets each Friday at 2:15 p. m. at residence of Mrs. M. O. Downs, 71 Victoria Lane. All women welcome.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

Don't forget to attend the next meeting, Friday afternoon, March 28. Let's make it a banner meeting. Come and bring a friend.

Two weeks ago the News contained a splendid article entitled "The Glad Hand" and the following Sunday one of our ministers preached a sermon on the same subject. How truly important is this thought—extend the glad hand and the bright smile to stranger and friend. If we would all do this what a cheerful, happy, joyous town this would be.

A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn.
And all day long the day shone bright
The care of life were made more light
And the sweetest hopes were born.

A very interesting meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held on Friday last. The subject of health and Americanism proved very helpful. The departments of mercy and help and flowers mission are now combined, and the work enlarged and made very practical. One of the duties enjoined upon each member is to collect appropriate clippings and useful sentiments of cheer for the calls on invalids and friends. We agree with Longfellow when he says: "As we lead but one life here on earth, we must make that beautiful," and to do this health and elasticity of mind are needful, and whatsoever endangers or impedes these must be avoided. Let us keep cheerful.

—E. W. D.

SCOUTS RECEPTION POSTPONED

On account of the rain the Boy Scout reception has been postponed and will occur a week from tonight, at their club room. Don't forget the date, Friday evening, March 28. All are invited.

Civil War Medical History.

The medical history of our Civil war comprises six volumes, whose preparation covered a period of twenty-eight years from the end of the war.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW!

Sierra Madre, Calif.

THURSDAY EVENING AND ALL DAY FRIDAY

March 26 and 27, 1919

ADMISSION FREE

Factory Experts Here

The Lubrication demonstration will be in charge of Mr. Foote of the Standard Oil Co., of Los Angeles, who will use as his demonstrating model, the special chassis and motor which was exhibited at the Los Angeles Automobile Show. The Battery demonstration will be in charge of Mr. Burbank, of Kay & Burbank, Pasadena, who will use the Exide Battery. His demonstration will include care and rebuilding of battery, control of lighting and ignition systems. The Retreading demonstration will be in charge of Mr. Beardsley, who is an experienced expert on the entire construction of casings. The Union Oil Co. will have a special display of their entire line of oils and greases, incharge of Mr. Hendricks, who will also answer and explain all lubrication problems. The New Hawxhurst carburator, a truly wonderful accessory, will be on display.

Oakland, Ford, Cadillac, and Hudson Cars on Display

These are new, latest model stock cars, not especially prepared for this occasion, but just as the purchaser might drive home. TIRES—A fine display of Firestone, Goodyear and Goodrich, fabric and cord tires will be shown. This demonstration-exhibit will be a liberal education to any automobile owner or driver. Bring in your problems and get the answer, or if you don't drive your own car, send your chauffer. It is all free—just an effort on our part to extend our service and prove that Sierra Madre is able and anxious to supply your every want and fill your every order. Don't forget the date.

Cadillac

Automobiles

Standard
of
The
World

Morris & Deatheridge
Monrovia

UNION OIL CO.

Union Gasoline
and
Aristo Motor Oil
"The Best That Is"

UNION OIL CO.
Monrovia, California.

The
Hudson

has a reputation
all its own.

The Hudson Agency
Monrovia, Cal

There is an "Exide" Battery for Your Car

and it will give "punch" and "pep" to your starting system. The space saving "Unit Seal" construction gives extra plate surface—hence greater capacity per unit of weight and volume. This means built-in durability and power. Let us show you your "Exide" Battery and explain its special features.

For battery testing, filling or expert battery advice come to our

"Exide" Service Station

This service is free to all battery users. Repairs, the prompt and satisfactory kind, on any make of battery at the right price.

Demonstration at this Automobile Show

KAY & BURBANK

Don't Throw Away Your Old Tires

Double your mileage at HALF the Cost.

We will RETREAD your old casing with
PLAIN
RIB
or Original NON-SKID

and FULLY guarantee the job.
Money back if not as represented.

DAILY SERVICE

Sierra Madre Garage, Agents.

W. E. Tuggle Vulcanizing Works

Lubrication Demonstration at the Sierra Madre Garage, March 27 to 29th

We have arranged a very interesting and comprehensive display of the 6-cylinder gasoline motor with chassis showing all working parts in actual operation. **See the Internal Working Parts of Transmission and Differential Gear Case Units in operation.** Internal combustion motor lubrication is a real science and Standard Oil Co. experts have developed it to its highest efficiency. Zerolene Oils and Greases are refined entirely from **California Asphalt Base crude** combining the highest grade natural resources with leading scientific skill of the country. Owners and operators are invited to attend the demonstration and see why perfect lubrication is of utmost importance in the operation of motor vehicles.

Standard Oil Company

Sierra Madre Garage

Love's Security

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I always told your mother that she was a little fool to marry a man old enough to be her father!" exploded Jane Portsmouth.

"But, Aunt Jane, father and mother were ideally happy."

"Happy enough—yes—but the difference in their ages made him shelter and shield her from all sense of responsibility, until now, when he's gone, the two of you are left with next door to nothing and neither of you any more fitted to earn a living than a butterfly!"

"Please don't say that. I know mother isn't strong, but I am and I'm going to find some way to keep the wolf from the door, too."

"Don't worry about the wolf. You can sell your house and come and live right here with me. I'll tell you, Beth, why don't you set your cap for the young doctor that's just bought your father's office?"

"Don't ever mention such a thing to me again, auntie! I'm not going to marry anybody, and besides, if I were to set my cap for Doctor Danforth and he saw fit to be caught he'd be taking me out of sheer pity, I'm sure."

"There, little girl, I didn't mean to be hard, but I would so like to see you nicely settled, and that doctor man certainly is charming."

Neither of them heard the approach of the visitor who now appeared and coughed to attract their attention.

"Oh, good morning, Doctor Danforth," greeted Miss Portsmouth. "I was just congratulating Niece Beth on the good hands into which her father's business has fallen. Will you have a chair?"

"No, thank you, Miss Portsmouth," replied the young man, openly admiring Beth; "I've only a moment. I called to ask about Doctor Longstreet's office safe."

"What is it you wish to know?"

"Your father's safe—do you wish it sent to your home?"

"The safe was included in the purchase of the office, and I went through the contents before I turned it over. I bid you good morning."

She sailed past the astonished pair down the flower-bordered path toward the gate, and Doctor Danforth was about to speak to Miss Portsmouth, when a frightened cry caused them to turn just as Beth fluttered into a senseless heap beside the path.

The young doctor flew down the path, and lifting the limp figure in his strong, young arms, bore her tenderly into the house. Cool water quickly revived her, but an examination and the discovery that her ankle was really broken sent her promptly into another faint, which lasted until her Aunt Jane had made her comfortable in the little guest chamber off the parlor. When she regained consciousness this time Doctor Danforth was sitting beside her with one of her hands in his.

"Home—I must go home to mother!" she moaned.

"You must lie right here for a few days. Your foot turned on one of the cobblestones in the walk and your ankle has been broken. Miss Portsmouth has telephoned your mother and I am going to bring her over this evening in my runabout."

"It will not be necessary to trouble you. Mother can come over with Joe Mead when he goes to the station for the mail."

"Please don't be unkind, Miss Longstreet. It really doesn't seem like you, and my heartiest wish is to be of some service to you and your mother."

"I—I didn't mean to seem ungrateful, or rude, but I—"

In another moment she was sobbing among the pillows, and while the man longed to stay and comfort her, the physician knew it was best to leave her alone just now, so he slipped quietly through the door to the porch, just as Aunt Jane came in to take his place. While he was drawing on his gloves he heard her cry out hysterically:

"He'll think I did this purposely—he'll—he'll think I'm setting my cap for him, like all the rest of the silly girls in town."

The man on the porch smiled and thought, "How I wish she would!"

Beth's ankle kept her at her aunt's for almost a month, and during this time she was under Doctor Danforth's constant care and attention. Gradually, day by day, he managed to penetrate the reserve behind which she had intrenched herself, and then one day when he was taking her for a little spin into the country, he asked her to marry him.

"But, doctor—Ned—I can't marry anybody. Mother and I haven't a cent. If dear old dad hadn't lost what he had put by to protect mother and me, things might have been different, for I do like you, Ned."

"What did your father lose, and how?"

"Oh, some papers—stocks—securities—bonds and things, I guess. Whatever they were he had the papers out on his desk one day when he received an urgent call, and while he was out the colored man who took care of the place 'straightened up.' When daddy came back the papers were gone. We questioned Jackson, but he swore he put everything back into the safe, and there you are. Jackson was too ignorant of their value to take them, so after a fruitless search we decided they must have blown out the window."

"You are sure you have examined the safe thoroughly?"

"Absolutely. There's another thing of dad's I haven't been able to find, a copy of the first edition of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' of which he was very fond."

"But—you aren't going to make this final, are you, Beth?"

"Please, Ned, don't ask me again until I've found some way to take care of mother."

That night Doctor Danforth sat alone in his office, trying to study, but the pages were filled with visions of Beth. His mind wandered to her story of Doctor Longstreet's investments and he began to wonder if possibly there might not be some far corner of the safe which had not been explored. He took his flashlight, and kneeling before it, began half-heartedly to pile the contents on the floor. He sighed as nothing came to light and began to put the things back. The first thing he picked up was a box of rubber stamps, and, feeling they would not be needed soon he thrust them as far back into the safe as possible. In doing so his hand was scratched by a piece of the zinc lining of the safe, and using his flashlight to see how badly it was torn, he discovered the end of something sticking up behind it. He pulled it out and found it to be a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

The next day was the one set for Beth's return to her home, and Doctor Ned was to take her in the runabout. He found her waiting for him on the front steps and she looked so like a breath of spring as she sat there that he leaned over and kissed her without a word of warning.

"I'm asking you again, Beth, in spite of what you said, to be my wife. Before you answer this time look through this old book."

She took the book wonderingly and opened it. "It's dad's 'Vicar of Wakefield!'" she cried. "And what are all these papers, Ned?"

"Don't you see, dear? They're the papers which we all thought were lost. Jackson must have placed them between the leaves of this book and the book got wedged in behind a torn place in the lining of the safe. Now you won't have to find any way to take care of your mother!"

"Ned, you—you darling!"

ALL KNOW SIGN LANGUAGE

Peculiarity of Inhabitants and Visitors to Beautiful Island Town of Massachusetts.

Sign language is the chief means of expression of the entire population of the township of Chilmark, Marthas Vineyard Island, Massachusetts. With its rolling country, pretty lakes and inlets, it is the most picturesque part of this beautiful island. Visitors who have invaded its quiet atmosphere declared Chilmark is a "paradise on earth."

Deaf and dumb folks rule the quaint old island township. The general store and post office is conducted by a deaf mute; the village church is in charge of a deaf mute clergyman; the fish and lobster industries, the truck gardens and the dairy farms are all operated by deaf and dumb people. Indeed, there is no family of the 400 inhabitants in which the sign language is not understood and spoken.

It all came about in this way: Thirty or forty years ago Chilmark was a deaf mute colony. Practically every family living there now traces from deaf mute ancestry. In a few cases entire families today are made up of deaf mutes, as were their fathers and mothers before them for over half a century thus afflicted. "Summer people" have come in large numbers and they have all learned the sign language—in order to buy their supplies of the deaf mutes.

Plenty of unusual experiences are to be had there. One family of visitors recently was in need of potatoes. They carried a potato to a farm to show what they wanted. The farmer's wife went into the house, got a telescope and signaled to another farmhouse on a far-off hillside. Very soon that neighbor appeared carrying a telescope and a bushel of potatoes. In every home there is a telescope and also a retired sea captain.

Church Made From a Single Tree.

There is a church in Santa Rosa which enjoys the distinction of being constructed entirely from a single tree. This tree from which the timbers, lumber and shingles were cut was a giant California redwood, and a considerable amount of timber was left over after the building was completed. It has a spire of 70 feet, an auditorium seating 500, a parlor seating 80, a pastor's study and a large vestibule. There are not many buildings in the world in which all the timbers, including its finishings, have been obtained from a single tree.—From "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage," Carrie Adell Strahorn.

From the Front.

Representative Reavis of Nebraska was talking about his trip to the front.

"I witnessed a mild quarrel at the front," he said, "between two young chaplains of different denominations. The senior chaplain got the better of the quarrel.

"'Let us bury the hatchet, my brother,' he said. 'After all, we are both doing the Lord's work, are we not?'

"'We certainly are,' said the junior chaplain, quite disarmed.

"'Let us, therefore,' said the senior suavely, 'do it to the best of our ability, you in your way, and I in his.'"

Columbus' Three Vessels.

The Santa Maria was one of the three vessels with which Columbus set sail for America from Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492. She was a good-sized boat, ninety feet long, carrying sixty-six seamen. She was decked all over, and had four masts—two with square sails and two with lateen sails. The other vessels were smaller, and without decks, and they were all provisioned for a year.

GEN. PERSHING COMMENDS AID RENDERED ARMY

Post Exchanges Overseas Are Taken Over by the Military Authorities

Asserting that the valuable aid rendered by the war service of the Y. M. C. A. had been a large factor in the final great accomplishments of the American army, General Pershing, in a communication to E. C. Carter, in charge of association operations with the American Expeditionary Forces, pays a splendid tribute to the work which this agency accomplished under extreme difficulties and handicaps. "The Y. M. C. A. served the army better than could have been expected," says General Pershing.

At its own request the American Y. M. C. A. has been relieved from maintaining post exchanges with the Expeditionary forces overseas, the need for such service having been relieved with the signing of the armistice. Correspondence exchanged between General Pershing and E. C. Carter, in charge of the Y. M. C. A. with the army, resulted in this decision. Carter wrote to General Pershing January 29th as follows:

Dear General Pershing:

A year and a half ago you requested the Y. M. C. A. to undertake operations for post exchanges for the American Expeditionary Forces in order that "officers and enlisted men may not be taken away for that purpose from their paramount military functions of training and fighting."

As soon as hostilities ceased we raised with you the question whether time had not come for the Y. M. C. A. to be relieved of the operation of post exchanges in view of the fact that there was no longer the same pressing demand on man power of the army for training and fighting. When we first raised the question with you it did not appear to you that it was feasible in the best interests of maximum service to the army that a change be made. Now the situation is materially altered.

Recent general orders from main headquarters and requests from commanding officers have laid on the Y. M. C. A. increased responsibilities in promoting educational, athletic and entertainment activities in the American Expeditionary Force. This is placing a rapidly increasing burden upon our personnel. The army is also now preparing for the delivery of all supplies for post exchanges which heretofore have been imported, manufactured and delivered by the Y. M. C. A.

In view of the changed situation I wish to know whether you do not think it would be possible for the army at a very early date to assume full responsibility for the maintenance of post exchanges throughout the American Expeditionary Force?

Very cordially yours,
(Signed) E. C. CARTER.

General Pershing immediately acted upon the suggestion made by Carter and relieved the Y. M. C. A. of its task of maintaining the post exchanges. He said:

My Dear Mr. Carter:

I have received your letter of January 29th asking whether, in view of present changed situation, it would be possible for the army to assume full responsibility for maintenance of post exchanges throughout American Expeditionary Force.

As you correctly state, the Y. M. C. A. undertook the management of post exchanges at my request at a time when it was of greatest importance that no available soldier should be taken away from vital military functions of training and fighting. As reasons which impelled me at that time to request you to undertake this work no longer exist, I am glad to approve your suggestion in reaching this conclusion. Consideration has been given to new burdens in connection with entertainment, athletic activities and education that you have assumed. I have accordingly given directions that army units themselves take over and operate their own post exchanges.

In making this change permit me to thank you for the very valuable services and assistance which the Y. M. C. A. has rendered to the American Expeditionary Force in handling these exchanges. Handicapped by shortage of tonnage and land transportation the Y. M. C. A. has, by extra exertion, served the army better than could have been expected, and you may be assured that its aid has been a large factor in the final great accomplishments of the American army.

Very cordially yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.

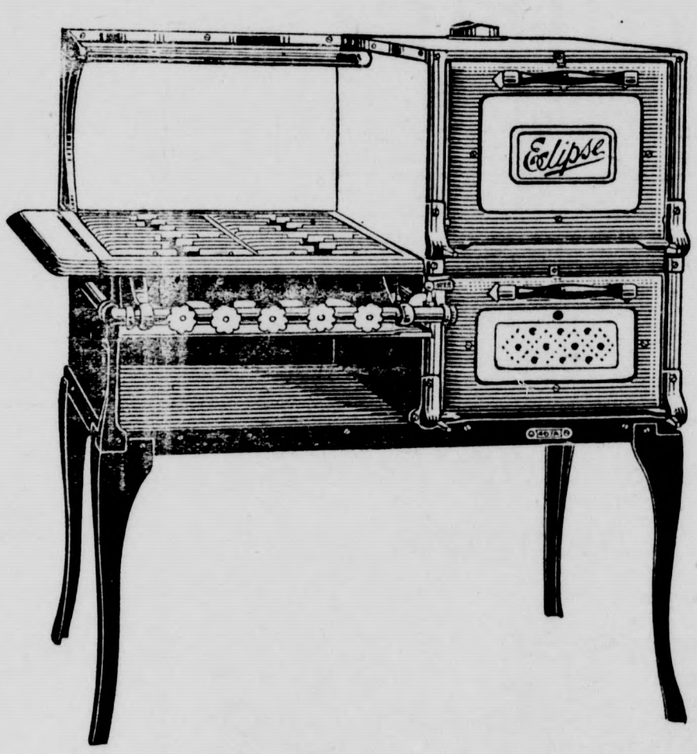
Prices on All Gas Stoves

REDUCED

Do you want to save

$15 to $20

Then buy your Eclipse Gas Range NOW.



The Eclipse Gas Stove Co. was the last stove company to raise their prices during the war..

And the Eclipse Gas Stove Co. is the first stove company to lower their prices after the war.

These ranges are on display at the office of the

SOUTHERN COUNTIES GAS COMPANY

KERSTING BLOCK

PHONE MAIN 117 Sierra Madre, Cal.

"QUALITY FIRST"

IRIS Brand will please you.

IRIS Brand

Loganberry Preserve, 15 oz. bottle 35c
Sliced Pineapple, No. 2 can 30c
Grated Pineapple, No. 1 can 15c
Gooseberries, No. 2 can 25c
Coffee, 1 lb. 50c; 3 pound can $1.40
Catsup, pint bottle 15c
Pepper Sauce, bottle 15c
Spinach, No. 2 can 20c
Corn, No. 2 can 25c
Tomatoes, solid pack, No. 3 can 22c
Extracts and Spices give best results.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY ONLY

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda,2 pkg. 15c
Oatflakes, 2 pounds 15c. FairySoap, 2 cakes 15c
Del Monte Tomato Sauce, 2 ans 15c
Crepe Toilet Paper, 2 rolls for..... 15c

"Cash Beats Credit"

Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

Perkins & Leddy

The Home of Good Clothes

16 EAST COLORADO PASADENA, CALIF.

AN NOUNCEMENT

Gentlemen of Sierra Madre:

We do not know of a single Sierra Madre customer of our who is not a "repeater" is his dealing with us. That's a good recommendation isn't it? Our store policy is "we insist on perfect satisfaction with every purchase."

You will find in our store an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Our offerings are all dependable goods, tailored to the last minute of mode, cut, and detail. Our prices are less than our metropolitan neighbors, because our "overhead" is less. Our spring goods are on display and if you permit us to outfit you, you may rest assured that you will be properly clothed. Call and look our stock over and we will assure you a saving if you buy.

Perkins & Leddy

Clothiers

16 East Colorado St. Pasadena

LOCAL NOTES

W. A. McTavish was in Long Beach on business yesterday.

G. L. Kelley sold his ice business to the Pasadena Ice Co. last week.

J. W. Strickland is driving a new truck—yes it's the kind you think it is.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Essick returned from San Francisco Tuesday evening.

Mrs. George A. Leaming is enjoying a visit from her father, James Nichol of Long Beach.

Anton Jacks, Alvin Langeley's understudy at the barber shop returned to his home in Los Angeles, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Harless and grandson, Francis LeVeaux, left for El Paso, Texas last week to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Reuter of Los Angeles, spent last week in Sierra Marre at the Reuter cottage on Grove street.

Charlton Schwartz, aged nine, in playing on the school playgrounds, Tuesday, fell from the trapeze and broken his left arm.

The joint committee of the Woman's club and the Board of Trade will meet tonight to perfect plans for the Memorial benefit flower show.

Mrs. C. H. Baker will entertain the Dickens Fellowship with a 12 o'clock luncheon Wednesday, March 26th at her home, 1080 Arden Road, Pasadena.

We are informed that the Pasadena High school has been designated as a military training school and that the government will detail an officer for instruction and furnish uniforms to the class.

The Victory Liberty Loan campaign will open Monday, April 21 and close three weeks later, Saturday, May 10.

Conductors Waggoner and Tilton are back on their runs on the P. E. after a trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. Collins of Torrence, owner of the Sierra Madre Inn, was here on business Tuesday.

C. E. Venard and family returned to their home at Fresno today after a sojourn here of several months.

Harvey Steinberger, who is doing county flood control work in Dalton canyon, back of Glendora, spent Sunday with home folks here.

Among those who attended the automobile races at Santa Monice Saturday were Messrs. Lemmie Tucker, Geo. Kelley, Guy Steinberger, Varney, Hock, Topping and Sadler.

We understand that a beginning has been made for a home talent play. Here's hoping that it materializes. We have the talent and we need the play.

Mrs. W. E. Walker and Miss Elizabeth Steinberger attended the Reciprocity Day meeting of the Shakespeare club at Pasadena Tuesday. They enjoyed a delicious luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sokol, on West Highland, returned to their home at Sibley, Iowa, the first of the week.

Orval Kellogg, one of our returned soldiers, has accepted a position with W. B. Corum in the transportation department. His division will be from the foot of the trail to Camp Roberts.

Mrs. O. M. Hare, accompanied her sister and husband, Mrs. and Mr. W. L. Howard and Andrew McClelland of Pueblo, in an auto trip through Riverside, Gillman Springs, and Palm Springs to the head of Imperial Valley last week, returning home Sunday.

The Bradford boys lost their English deerhound, Lady, Tuesday night—poisoned.

The committee having in charge the tea and sale at the Red Cross rooms yesterday report their total receipts as $85.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Gooden of Lincoln, Neb., visited over Sunday in Sierra Madre the guests of C. C. Bergen. Monday they made the hike up Mt. Wilson.

Arthur Lyttle of Los Angeles, who recently returned from France, was the dinner guest at the home of the Misses Preston and Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Hartman, Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. Schmitt of Sycamore Place entertinted in honor of Miss Monette Wanstrath on Wednesday. The out of town guests present were Mrs. W. Yandell of Los Angeles, and Mrs. H. Speak of South Pasadena.

Sergeant Hammond and Sergeant Fathereau of the Balloon School, both well known to our young people, received their discharge papers this week. Hammond goes to Rockwell Field, and Fathereau to San Antonio to be mustered out.

Another valuable dog was poisoned last week. The family of P. W. Sampsell, 49 West Live Oak, was away from home last Saturday and when they returned in the afternoon found their Boston bulldog dead in the yard.

A telegram from Miss Margaret Wood announces her safe arrival in New York, after a year and a half in France with the Smith College Relief unit. Miss Wood plans to visit her grandmother, Mrs. Thomas S. Wood here early in the summer.

Mrs. H. G. Laage, Mira Monte avenue, was the lucky holder of ticket 128, which secured the silver tea set given by the committee for the benevolent fund. Miss Virginia Yerxa, blindfolded, did the drawing, under the supervision of Mayor Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Coyle and two children from cold Minnesota, will live at 318 W. Montecito. Mr. Coyle and family have wintered here before and the appreciation of our climate induced their return visit. They left from two to twelve feet of snow up there—and were glad to leave it.

Mrs. M. Keenam, Miss Monette Wanstrath and Lieut. Langer of Sierra Madre joined a party of young folks of Los Angeles in a delightful entertainment at the Balloon School at Arcadia Wednesday evening. A vocal solo was given by Miss Wanstrath which was heartily encored by all. Mrs. Thomas of Los Angeles had charge of the program.

Dr. W. S. Norton of Muscatine, Ia., left for his home Tuesday morning after a brief visit at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Morgridge. Coming from the midst of an Iowa blizzard to real summer weather, the change was as abrupt as it was pleasant and Dr. Norton regretted that the necessities of a business trip prevented a longer stay.

J. Mandel and family left Monday for several short visits in Southern California after which they will return to their home at Benton Harbor, Mich. via San Francisco. The family came here a few weeks ago for Mrs. Mandel's health, expecting to remain until next summer, but our wonderful health-giving climate performed the miracle and they feel a longer stay is unnecessary. Mr. Mandel returns to his home a big booster for our climate and town.

LODGE WILL HEAR INTERESTING SPEAKER

Irving J. Mitchell, Past Master of University Lodge of Los Angeles, is to be the speaker at a social session of Sierra Madre Lodge No. 408, F. & A. M., next Tuesday evening. Mr. Mitchell is a brilliant speaker and chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Masonic Education. Light refreshments will be served.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

For the club program on Monday afternoon, March 24th, we have been most fortunate in securing Mrs. M. Hart, of Huntington Drive, a reader highly recommended by the Shakespeare club of Pasadena. Mrs. Hart will give a number of varied selections among which will be several in negro dialect. It is hoped the club members who appreciate real talent will not fail to attend. Hostesses for the afternoon will be Mrs. Stella Dennison and Mrs. Rudolph Hartman.

On Friday evening, March 28th, there will be an informal dance at the club house. Good music and tempting refreshments will add to the pleasure of the evening and everyone is invited.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

OUR OPPORTUNITY TO AGAIN ALLEVIATE

Sierra Madre is called upon again to contribute a share in the work of caring for the destitute of France and Belgium by donating old clothes blankets, etc., (new ones not prohibited.)

Mrs. Louise Wood Ferris has gladly consented to serve as chairman of this drive and has secured an active and enthusiastic lot of lieutenants, who call upon all residents and visitors to send in any usable garments in accordance to the list below.

Any citizen who is unable to deliver their articles to the Red Cross Rooms on Baldwin avenue may have the same called for, if they will telephone Mrs. Ferris, Black 139 or Mrs. Milton Steinberger, Main 110.

All donations must be in not later than Monday, March 31st.

National Drive

A National drive for used clothing, shoes and blankets for the liberated people of Europe will be made next week.

Recent cable advices from our commissions to Europe indicate the great need for used clothing, shoes and blankets. Next to food, this is the greatest need of the people in the devasted areas of Europe.

The American Red Cross has been called upon to supply this need. The Red Cross will assume entire responsibility from the time of collection to the distribution in Europe.

The following telegram has been received from Mr. John B. Miller, manager of the Pacific Division of the American Red Cross.

"National headquarters anounces huge drive for used clothing, shoes, blankets, March 24 to 31. Articles to be collected and distributed by Red Cross to recently liberated sufferers in all European countries except Central Powers. All possible help will be given all nationalities, this is a great opportunity for Red Cross to show present efficiency and responsiveness to the call of suffering humanity. Every chapter in the United States is given a quota. Wire immediately that you will put this drive over with utmost energy."

Slogan—"Something from Every House.

The committee for this drive earnestly begs you to respond to this splendid opportunity of again "doing your bit" by looking over your stock of clothing at once and giving all you possibly can to this great cause.

Get the things together now and have the bundle ready to be called for Monday morning, March 24th, but all who can deliver their bundles to the Red Cross headquarters will greatly facilitate the work. Rooms will be open morning as well as afternoons.

Our Quota One Ton

Sierra Madre wants to fill her quota not merely for civic pride and genuine patriotism, but because every garment given means less misery and discomfort for our stricken allies.

Following is a list of things wanted also of those things not wanted or acceptable:

Wanted—Men's clothes, Women's clothes, Boy's clothes, Girl's clothes, Infant's clothes, Bed ticks, bed sheets, Pillow cases, blankets, mufflers, piece goods, canton flannel, scrap leather, shoes (good enough to be easily repaired).

Not Wanted—Flimsy dresses, straw hats, derby hats, carpets, toys, umbrellas, pillows, crockery, collars, neckties, clocks, glassware, canes or crutches.

DIET FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Why some children fail to get the best grades at school—the lack of nourishing food.

What do you give your child for breakfast? See that he has an appetite for breakfast.

Give him a fruit. Fruit acts as an elliminator.

Give him a cereal. Cereals furnish albumen. Albumen is the body builder of all foods. Albumen is also obtained in milk, eggs, meat. Cereal is a seed food and furnishes heat, muscle, brain and nerve food.

Add sugar to the cereal. All foods should contain or be combined with sugar in some form.

Add milk to the cereal. Milk like the whole grain contains the thirteen elements which enter into the combination of the body.

An egg or meat or vegetable can follow the above school children's diet which should be varied and abundant.

Constantly bearing in mind that this is a period of great mental and physical growth, the digestive processes go on rapidly consequently the stomach is soon emptied. Therefore a school luncheon is necessary. See that the luncheons contain the necessary elements to build and repair tissue. Proper nourishment can be obtained in a luncheon composed of fruit sandwitches and cake if necessary.

Saturday Specials in Groceries

No. 1 Soft Shell Diamond Brand Walnuts per pound 38c
Oatflake (meal) 7c pound, 3 lbs., for 20c
White Rose Potatoes, 9 pounds for 25c
Idaho Russet Potatoes, 9 pounds 25c
Sweet Potatoes, 6 pounds for..... 25c

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

C. M. Nomura

Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE MAIN 46 BANK BUILDING

"We'll say they are--"

As low is price for the same quality as can be bought anywhere. Glance over these Items, then make up your mind to go to Sadler's. You can do as well, may be better.

Sheets

54x90 Seamless Sheets, good quality muslin $1.25

Percales

36 inch wide, in light grounds, fine weave for aprons or dresses.....30c

Dimities

Nice fine quality white dimity in fine check or stripes.....30c

Play Suits

Children's play suits in good heavy demins, dark colors, trimmed in red at $1.35

PHONE BLACK 85

J.F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns *Warner Corsets*

A New Mystery

In the quiet country community that he pestered with his presence, everybody hated Hamilcar Q. Glure—"Wall Street farmer," he called himself. Why shouldn't they? In the very first installment of "The Pest," a rattling new mystery story, starting next week in

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

we find him ruining a near-by dairy, underselling the truck-growers, beating a beautiful collie dog, and threatening one of his neighbors at pistol point. So it was no wonder that—

But it wouldn't be quite fair to give away the story. All I can say is that the editors tell me it's a humdinger of a mystery—the kind everybody likes—by Albert Payson Terhune.

But this is only one story, while in the fifty-two numbers of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN you get five or six of them—the kind that sell in book form for $1.50 to $1.65 each, these days.

All these are in addition to a wealth of the best sort of articles about farm, garden and home.

I will arrange to have your subscription start with the *first* installment of "The Pest," if you give me your name and the address with

One Dollar—TO-DAY

SANDER DRUG STORE
H. W. Sander, Prop.
Phone Black 100 14 N. Baldwin Ave Sierra Madre

An authorized subscription representative of

The Country Gentleman 52 issues—$1.00 | The Ladies' Home Journal 12 issues—$1.75 | The Saturday Evening Post 52 issues—$2.00

J. C. WHYTE

Transfer and Express

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

PHONE BLUE 55 148 N. MT. TRAIL

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

DAPHNE AGAIN TURNS TO CLAY, BUT AS THEY PLAN FOR THE FUTURE A NEW BLOW FALLS.

Synopsis.—Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Daphne goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau. Daphne's brother, Bayard, has just married and left for Europe with his bride, Leila. Daphne and her mother install themselves in Bayard's flat. Daphne meets Tom Duane, man-about-town, who seems greatly attracted to her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Baynard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly. The three women set out on a shopping excursion and the two younger women buy expensive gowns, having them charged to Bayard. Bayard is furious over the expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, indignant, declares she will earn her own living and breaks her engagement with Clay. Through an introduction by Duane, Daphne induces Reben, a theatrical magnate, to give her a position in one of his companies. Her first rehearsal is a fiasco, but Reben, at Duane's request, gives her another chance. Sudden illness of Miss Kemble, the star, gives Daphne her chance, but her acting is a dismal failure. She is consoled by Tom Duane.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

—9—

Satan or Raphael had whispered to her an invitation to revisit the scene of her late humiliation with Clay. With Duane's magic purse there would be no danger of a snub from the waiters; with his own car there would be no risk of footing it home.

Then an imp of mischief spoke for her and said, "All right!"

Duane told the chauffeur and the car shot like a javelin from the lighted street into the deep forest-night of Central park.

What would Clay say? But, after all, he had failed her in a crisis. Perhaps he had turned his heart elsewhere. Men were impatient, vindictive, fickle.

When Claremont was reached and Duane handed Miss Kip out he noted that her hand was hotter than his own and a little quick to escape, her face was flushed and her lips parted as if with excitement. He assumed that the speed of the ride and the tang of adventure were to blame.

While the waiters were serving the supper and while he was attacking it with the frank appetite of honest hunger she recounted the evening's disaster as calmly as if it were the story of somebody else. In fact, she was standing off and regarding herself with the eyes of an alien. We change so fast that the persons we were yesterday are already strangers, and their acts the acts of distant relatives. Her calm was really the numbness of shock. The anguish would come tomorrow.

"I can't understand myself at all," Daphne said. "I went through every one of the motions, but I couldn't reach the audience once. I was like a singer with a bad cold singing in a foreign language—you don't know what the song is all about, but you know that it never quite gets on the key."

"You mustn't be discouraged."

"Oh, yes, I must! I couldn't be an actress in a thousand years. Mr. Batterson told me so himself."

Duane felt the truth of this, but it hurt him to have her feel it. It offended his chivalry to realize how impolite fate could be to so pretty a girl. He hated to see her reduced to the necessity of proving how plucky she could be. He tried to find an escape for her. He said:

"You're far too good for the stage."

"I don't believe that for a minute," she protested. "But I've got to find something I can do."

"May I help you to decide?"

"If you only would! But I'm getting to be a nuisance."

"You are a—a—to me you are a—well, you're not a nuisance."

He dared not tell her what she was, especially as the waiter had set the bill at his elbow and was standing off in an attitude of ill-concealed impatience for the tip, which he knew would be large. Mr. Duane always gave the normal ten per cent and a bit extra. He tipped wisely but not too well, knowing that an extravagant tip wins a waiter's contempt almost more than none at all. The head waiter fairly cooed "Good night" and almost gave them a blessing.

The starter had Mr. Duane's car waiting for him at the curb and lifted his hat with one hand as he smuggled a quarter away with the other. He stepped in to lay the linen laprobe over their knees with reverence, closed the door exquisitely and murmured, "Good night!"

The car was an aristocrat; it floated from the curb with a swanlike sweep.

Daphne thought of Clay and herself plodding homeward. She seemed to see them or their wraiths staggering disconsolately along. She felt very sorry for them. Here was a chance to save one of them—both of them, in fact; for in taking her financial burden from Clay's shoulders she would be twice strengthening him. If she were to accept Duane as her husband then her problems would be solved—and Clay would be free of her.

To be Mrs. Tom Duane; to step into the society of society; to lift her father and mother from a position of meekness in Cleveland to a post of distinction in New York; to solve at once all the hateful, loathsome, belittling riddles of money; to be the bejeweled and feted and idolized wife and mistress of this young American grand duke; to buy that impossible trousseau, or better; to live in a New York palace instead of a flat; to go about in her own limousine instead of an occasional taxicab; to be fortune's darling instead of a member of the working classes, struggling along with bent neck under a yoke beside a discouraged laboring man!

When the car reached her building she was resolved to see Duane no more. She could not tell him so. After all, he had been everything that was courtesy and charity. It would hardly

She Stared at Her Image in the Mirror.

have been polite to treat him with absolute indifference. Duane got down and helped her out and took her to the door, which was locked at this late hour. While they waited for the doorman to answer the bell she was paying him his wages:

"You are wonderfully kind. I had a gorgeous evening. You saved my life."

She had said more than she intended—if not more than he had earned.

"Then may I call soon?"

"Of course."

"Tomorrow?"

"I—well, I'll let you know."

"Fine! Telephone me at— I'll write it out for you. I'm not often at the club where you found me, and my number isn't in the book." He wrote on his card his telephone address and gave it to her as the doorman appeared.

He murmured, "Don't forget." She murmured, "I won't." Both said "Good night." Then the doorman gathered her in and hoisted her to her lowly eyrie. It was very different from where she would have gone as Mrs. Duane.

But when she was in her room she tore his card to pieces—after she had looked at it. She stared at her image in the mirror. She hated what she saw there.

She vowed to break her promise to Tom Duane. She vowed to forget his telephone number. But it danced about in the dark long after she had closed her eyes.

The next morning she overslept even beyond the extra hour the Chivvises permitted themselves and the stranger within their gates on Sundays.

When Daphne appeared at breakfast, trying not to yawn, Mrs. Chivvis greeted her with a voice as cold and dry as the toast, and as brittle:

"You were rather late getting in last night—or this morning, rather."

Daphne's answer was not an explanation, but it was better:

"Oh, I know it, Mrs. Chivvis, but I lost my position last night. Yes! I played the principal part and killed it, and now I'm not going on the stage any more."

Mrs. Chivvis was touched. "You poor child! It really is—just too bad!" She pondered, then she brightened: "I'm sorry you're disappointed, but I'm glad you're not to be in the theater. It must be very wicked."

"It's mighty difficult," said Daphne.

Mrs. Chivvis thought a moment more, then she said:

"Did I tell you?— No, I don't believe I did—you were away—but Mr. Chivvis gets his vacation next week. He's got to take it when his turn comes. The man who was going now couldn't be spared, so we have to leave Tuesday. I'm going, of course, so I can't give you your meals. You can get your breakfasts in the kitchenette. Of course I'll allow off whatever is right."

"Oh," Daphne said. "I'll be all right, I guess."

Daphne had not realized how much she depended on Mrs. Chivvis till now. She was to be left alone at the very time when she was most in need of society. The whole world was forsaking her.

CHAPTER XIII.

When the Chivvises had gone Daphne assailed the task of composing her letter of resignation from Reben's employ. It was not easy to resign with dignity and the necessary haste.

She sent it off by messenger. It was none too prompt, for Reben had already dictated a very polite request for Daphne's head. When he received her letter he recalled his stenographer and dictated a substitute for his first letter. In this he expressed his regret at learning Daphne's decision to resign; the former understudy had come back from the road, he said, and would resume her work. He begged Daphne to accept the inclosed check for two weeks' salary in lieu of the usual notice, and hoped that she would believe him faithfully hers.

Daphne felt a proud impulse to return the fifty dollars. She wrote a letter to go with it. She looked again, and saw it was the first money she had ever earned. She hated to let it go. She decided to frame it and keep it to point to in after years as the beginning of her great fortune.

Late in the afternoon, when the western sky was turning into a loom for crimson tapestries almost as rich as her own dreams, she went to her brother's apartment.

There the New Girl found the Old Woman in the throes of finance. Leila had brought her check book and her bank book to her husband. Her affairs were in a knot.

He laughingly offered to help her. She was hurt by his laughter, but not half so deeply as he was by his discovery of her monetary condition. He had established her bank account in a mood of adoration, a precious sacrifice on the altar of love. She had not cherished it, but scattered it heedlessly. And money was peculiarly precious now in the final agonies of the hard times, when only the fittest of the fittest could survive the last tests. Credit was the water cask, and dollars were the hard biscuits of a boatload of survivors from a wreck. Land might be reached if they held out, but self-denial was vital.

Bayard gazed at Leila with wondering love and terror. She was both divinity and devil in his eyes. He groaned:

"Are you trying to wreck me? You know how hard I'm working and how much I need money in my business and how much it means to your future, but you won't stop buying and charging and burning my poor little earnings. We discharged a stenographer yesterday because we wanted to save her salary of fifteen dollars—and here's a check for a pair of shoes for you that cost sixteen.

"But tell me one thing more before I'm carted off to Bloomingdale in a straitjacket. Why, in heaven's name, why—admitting you just had to have that pitiful little pair of shoes—why, when you wrote the check, didn't you subtract it from your balance instead of adding it? I ask you!"

"Oh, did I do that?" she asked, looking over his shoulder. "So I did!" and she put her cheek close to his and giggled.

He shook his head in imbecile infatuation, and drew her around into his arms.

That was what Daphne overheard when the maid let her in. She found Leila resting in Bayard's lap.

Bayard did not tell Daphne what his conference with Leila had been. He simply closed the check book and the bank book and said to Leila: "I'll send the bank my check for thirty-eight cents and ask 'em to close their account. They'll be mighty glad to do it."

"And so will I," said Leila. "It was awfully hard work keeping track of every little penny. I'd much rather have a regular allowance in cash every week."

"All right!" said Bayard. "We'll try that—next week."

Daphne was not told what all this talk was about, but she made a fair guess, though she pretended not to.

She told about her failure and her future and Leila praised her courage and her optimism. They dined cheerfully and Bayard decided that the best preparation for the hard work ahead of him would be an evening of gayety. He invited his wife and his sister to go with him to the Winter Garden, where the typical "Sunday concert" of New York was given.

CHAPTER XIV.

Then the Chivvises came back from their vacation unexpectedly early. They had found the hotels expensive and Mr. Chivvis was afraid that his job would be snatched from him if he were not there to hold it down.

Clay called on Daphne that evening and the Chivvises retreated to their own room. But as they could be overheard it was evident that they could overhear, and the lovers found no chance to say any of the things that frightened their souls.

One evening Daphne said to Clay in as low a voice as he could hear: "Mrs. Chivvis is growing uneasy, honey, about our being together every evening. I told her we were engaged, but she didn't seem convinced. Perhaps you would let me wear that beautiful engagement ring again. I was a fool to give it back to you. May I have it or—"

Clay blenched in misery. "I—I'm afraid I— You see, I hadn't paid much on it; and last week I had an insulting letter from the jeweler. He threatened to sue me and notify my firm, and I—well, I had to send it back."

He was so downcast that she answered with mock cheer: "Oh, that's all right, honey; it doesn't matter. After all, it's only a ring. And we have each other."

"But we haven't each other. This way of living is driving me crazy. I'll be all right as soon as these hard times are over and I can make some commissions. But it's so dismal to wait. Couldn't we get married and live on my salary?"

"I could if you could."

He caught her in his arms so violently that she squealed.

The next day Clay telephoned to her his firm had just offered him the choice of accepting half his salary or turning in his resignation. It was really impossible for two to live on half of what was hardly enough for one.

Daphne cried a long while in her room. She got out her list of ways to earn fifty thousand dollars again and cried over that.

There is much foolish and futile protest against the nowadays woman who goes into business outside her home. But the fact is that it is her business that began it. Her business left the home first and she is merely following it to the places where new conditions and inventions have centralized and mechanized it.

New conditions have taken her distaff and her washtub and her cookery and gossip into the woolen mills and steam laundries and restaurants and telephone exchanges. She has had to go thither to do her necessary work. Even the entertainers, the singers, dancers, tellers of stories, who used to stir the seraglios and the castle halls have been gathered into opera houses and theaters and into vaudeville and moving picture palaces.

Daphne, having no gifts for spinning, cooking, or laundry, tried the theater. Her old-fashioned lover pro-

"Oh, Did I Do That?" She Asked, Looking Over His Shoulder.

tested, and she went, anyway. But she was not suited to the theater, and she retreated with nothing to show for her expedition except her shattered pride and the fifty-dollar check for two weeks' salary.

Daphne began anew to hunt for work; work, the thrice blessing that kills time and makes money and tames passion. But the world seemed to be full of every other trouble except work. Even had she been skilled, as she was not, it would have availed her little, since skilled laborers were being turned off by the thousands. And unskilled laborers were being turned off by the tens of thousands.

Clay had saved nothing against the rainy season. He had found his salary too small for his courtship requisites; now that his salary was halved his courtship had to be reduced to the minimum of expense.

Bayard and Leila had more money to spend, and they made ambitious voyages. But Daphne and Clay must swelter with the other stay-at-home millions. Clay denied himself even the two weeks' vacation allotted to him. Bayard took his, however, and carried

Leila Had Decided That It Was Better for Her Health to Stay at Newport Till the Cooler Weather Came and Her Summer Wardrobe Had Been Worn Out.

Leila off to Newport, where they boarded humbly, if expensively. While they were gone, at their suggestion, Daphne moved down into their apartment. It was large and beautiful, and, as Clay said, it was "not infested with Chivvises."

Now and then Clay quarreled with Daphne because of her obstinate determination to have a trade of her own. Then they made up. And quarreled anew—lovers' quarrels, summer storms that break the sultry tension of the air and make peace endurable.

Bayard came back alone. Leila had decided that it was better for her health to stay at Newport till the cooler weather came and her summer wardrobe had been worn out.

So Bayard joined the army of town-tied husbands, the summer widowers. He went back once a week on furlough to spend a Newport Sabbath with his wife. He became one of the Friday-night-to-Monday-morning excursionists. There was leisure enough in his office.

He insisted on Daphne's keeping her room in his apartment, and of evenings he affixed himself to her and Clay and made their company a crowd. But they welcomed him as a chaperon of a sort. Also, he paid his way with liberality, except for occasional spasms of retrenchment, when he economized atrociously. He predicted that good times would never come again. The whole world had gone to pot and would never come out.

Suddenly he changed his tune; suddenly the whisper went about that hard times were ending.

In his bachelor days, when Bayard was growing in commercial stature like a young giant, he had regarded his business with all the warmth of a poet. His office building was his Acropolis and his office the peculiar temple of his muse; and her name was Profit. He thrilled like a poet to the epic inspiration of a big sale, and he knew a joy akin to the poet's revision of his scansion if he devised a scheme for reducing overhead charge or wastage.

Bayard, led on by the visions of riches to be won in Wall street, draws all his savings from the bank and begins speculating in stocks. Then at far-off Sarajevo rang out the shot that plunged the world into the frightful nightmare of war. Bayard was among the first casualties. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Raining "Cats and Dogs."

In England the male blossoms of the willows are called "cats and dogs" and a rainstorm would shake them off and strew them on the ground. Hence arose the expression "raining cats and dogs."

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels needs a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhœa, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

Right at Home.

"Home is where the heart is."

"That's what the young fellow who is courting my daughter thinks. He hangs around my place all the time."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

"Super-sensitiveness is the child of egotism, however unwilling the offspring may be to acknowledge the parent."

TO ALL WOMEN WHO ARE ILL

This Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Personal Experience.

McLean, Neb.—"I want to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer from any functional disturbance, as it has done me more good than all the doctor's medicine. Since taking it I have a fine healthy baby girl and have gained in health and strength. My husband and I both praise your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. JOHN KOPPELMANN, R. No. 1, McLean, Nebraska.

This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will well pay any woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Our Woman's Department

¶ This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

No Fur, Fringe, Braid on Suits

New York.—Twice a year the little gyration of public opinion takes place around tailored suits, writes a leading fashion correspondent. There is a rapid swirl around a new center, and it sweeps over two continents. Twice a year women regard the tailored suit as the most important problem to be solved. A new one for autumn and a new one for spring is the necessity of the rich and the extravagance of the merely well-to-do. The glamor of one-piece frocks, heaped with fur or covered with smart topcoats, dies out. In autumn and spring we approach days when wraps are burdensome and the one-piece frock, unprotected, is chilly. We need the American costume that was invented to serve our necessity.

In January we begin to face the winter, and yet, with our usual capriciousness, we face the fact of choosing a new tailored suit. Even if we do not buy it, we talk about it. We like to speculate upon its possibilities. We show exceeding interest in the new fabrics that are advanced for it and the colors that the season will proclaim. Shirtwaists and various types of blouses engage our attention. The length of coats, the narrowness of skirts, the warmth of velours, the serviceability of taffeta, the probabilities of satin remaining in fashion, are phrases and reflections that flit through the mind.

The dressmakers do good propaganda work along this line at this time. The Palm Beach season is thrown at us like a brilliant flag against a gray, sleet-filled sky. It delights our souls. It makes us think of palm trees and coconut groves, of red clay roads in Georgia and Carolina, of pines that reach into the blue and croon queer songs throughout the night. In other words, the tailored suit, offered to us today, makes us all dream; and dreams of pleasant things make life bearable.

Moderate Skirts in Street Suits.

Now, here are the essentials to produce the dreams: Skirts are moderate in length and width in the new things that are exploited. They do not sweep the ankles; they do not curve in at the back of the knees; they have little resemblance to the lower part of a mermaid's body; they are straight, their seams hold them steady; they barely escape the ankles, and they allow freedom of movement.

There is no return to a flare at the hem of the skirt. Nothing ripples. But if the skirt is not permitted to curve out, neither is it permitted to curve in. Remember that, for it is an essential step toward grace.

There is an entire absence of fur on the suits. This is appropriate for the season, but it is significant of the fashions of the present hour, for many women buy suits in January that are intended to serve them through the cold weather yet to come. They must be guided in their choice of reduced suits today by what will be worn tomorrow.

The best tailor is content to let a skirt go free of ornamentation. Braid is overdone, fringe has become commonplace, and neither will be returned to the spring fashions, as far as the prophets can see.

Angora embroidery vanished with the war. Bias bands are good, and one of the best suits worn by one who prides herself on leading the way, has three bias folds, doubled and stitched at the upper edge. These ornament the hem.

Any woman would care to know the details of this suit because of its prestige at the moment. It is of rough cheviot in a mixed, golden brown that reminds one of the heather mixtures, only the touch of green is absent. There is the straight skirt with its double bias folds at the hem, and the coat that ripples a bit from shoulders to hips. There are bias folds flaring away from the surface of the coat, at the hem and the wrists. The sleeves are cut straight, neither yielding to the inclination to be Spanish with a bell-shaped opening at the wrist, or skintight, after the medieval manner. There is a wide, rolling collar that ends at the bust, and the fastening is unique; it consists of four long, wide tabs of the cloth, stitched at the edges, pointed at one end, with a long, stitched buttonhole. These buttonholes go over large buttons covered with the material. The stitched tabs run well across the figure, but the fronts of the coat swing open just a bit as the wearer moves, to show a mandarin yellow crepe de chine blouse.

Coat Linings Attract Attention.

The dominant factor in tailored suits is the lining. It dominates the coat. It is intended to create more attention than the outer surface. Its coloration is vivid, and now and then it displays the animated designs of the tapestries of the middle ages. Animals rove over its surface. Human figures are engaged in human activities. Hunting scenes, pastoral scenes, gay little bits of street life, are put on the surface of your coat lining, and if you are clever, you see to it that the public is instantly made aware of the novelty.

The pity of it is that one does not take off the coat in public. That fashion went out of existence long before the war dominated the world. It has not been reversed. Women keep on their jackets until they take off their skirts. And yet, with this fashion an accomplished fact, the designers by the usage of pictorial linings, are stimulating women to put their coats over the backs of chairs whenever possible. Why pay a large price for a piece of satin tapestry if you cannot show it?

The average woman, however, does not accept these animated designs, although she is quite willing to accept the verdict for vivid coloration.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HINTS FOR NEEDLE WORKERS

Old Sweaters May Be Made Into Leggings for Children—Quick Way of Working Stem Stitch.

To make use of old sweaters that cannot be darned for further wear, take the good part and cut the required size for children's leggings, crochet all around them, picking up every stitch so they will not ravel, lap one side over the other and sew together.

Busy needleworkers who like to do a little embroidery in spare minutes will find this a quick way of working stem stitch. Sew on the machine along stamped lines, being careful to follow them accurately and using a rather short stitch.

Thread your needle with embroidery floss and pass the needle under each stitch, eye first, keeping on the upper surface of the material, that is, you simply overcast or whip with your embroidery thread the fine machine stitching. A perfect raised cord or stem is the result, and it takes much less than to embroider it in the usual way.

Sewing Tips.

If you place something white near the under side of a needle's eye you can thread it easier; also cut thread on the slant instead of straight across. When making button holes, overcast one side so it won't ravel while working the other.

MAKING OVER VELOURS HAT

How Unfashionable Headgear May Be Transformed Into Latest Style—Same Treatment for Felt.

A simple and effective way of "making over" a large, unfashionable velours hat is to cut a band perhaps an inch and a half wide from the brim. Then take this band and place it around the crown, tying the ends in a loose knot at the side or in the front, as one's taste dictates. There is no question of matching colors, and the curve of the band makes the "trimming" fit especially well.

If the hat is altogether too large, cut the band rather wider at the back. When the band is removed, a short back poke is left. The wide portion of the severed band may be cut in the shape of quills, the edge neatly wired. The narrower part should be cut in two or three strips and twisted around the crown, while the "quills" are placed in front.

Still another smart effect is gained by cutting disks from the part of the brim that gave the "too broad" appearance. These disks are bound with grosgrain ribbon of the same color as the velours, and placed in a formal little row around the crown, alternating with wool-embroidered flowers that may be purchased or made.

French felt hats may be treated in exactly the same fashion as those of velours, though it may be wiser to wire the edge of the remaining brim, as the felt is a little softer than most velours. In case this is done, bind the brim with ribbon of a darker shade or of a contrasting color. Do not hesitate to slash the entire crown with rows of tiny slits, through which you may draw narrow ribbon in much the same way that small children weave "mats" in nursery days.

Makes Frock Set Better.

Many of the new organic and other sheer frocks are made with hems so deep as to meet midway from the ankles to the waistline. This makes the frock set rather better than otherwise, because of the added weight at the lower half of the skirt, and also renders a skirt made of transparent material less transparent.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Loving words will cost but little
Journeying up the hill of life.
But they make the meek and weary
Stronger, braver, for the strife.

A FEW CAKES WITH FEW EGGS.

"Eggs is eggs" these days and in spite of their high food value, are too expensive for free use at 60 to 70 cents a dozen. A cake which uses no eggs or the minimum number is the popular one. Here is one that is good:

Eggless, Butterless, Milkless Cake.

Take one cupful each of sugar and water, one-half cupful of shortening, two cupfuls of chopped fruit, a mixture of raisins, currants and citron, one teaspoonful of cloves, one-eighth of a grated nutmeg and a half teaspoonful of salt; boil all together three minutes, then add one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of water and two cupfuls of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a dripping pan about one hour.

Marble Cake.—White part — take three tablespoonfuls of shortening, one-half cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract, one cupful of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, fold in the white of an egg, beaten stiff.

Dark part—The same amount of sugar, fat, milk and flour with baking powder, the yolk of the egg and cloves, allspice and cinnamon added. The whole cake may be made at one mixing, taking out a part to add the spices and raisins if desired. Put together in spoonfuls of each without mixing. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Raisin Cup Cakes.—Cream one-third of a cupful of shortening, add one cupful of sugar, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, and one cupful of seeded raisins. Mix as usual and make in individual tins.

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness still,
Whatever others do.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid,
To do a kindly deed.

SOME ESSENTIALS IN PLANNING MEALS.

True economy consists in the right appreciation of essentials and nonessentials. Fruit and vegetables are in the former class and should not be listed with the table luxuries. Cream and eggs are expensive, but used in moderation they cannot be classed with the purchase of strawberries in February.

We must constantly bear in mind that the food value takes into consideration digestibility, waste amount of heat and energy given the body, taken in proportion to the cost.

Cake may be made with egg substitutes or gelatin in place of eggs. Eggs are rich in food value while gelatin has very little. A meal that fails to meet the needs of the family is not an economically prepared meal.

No woman should dare go into a home of her own who is not willing to study the value of each food and its ability to supply nutriment.

Do we realize that often all a child sees of some members of his family is at the table. A simple well-set table, and a well-cooked and served meal is a strong factor in the education of a child. The table conversation by wise parents may be led into channels of information and a storing of valuable knowledge. The petty gossip that is heard at so many tables is not raising the ideals of the sensitive boy and girl. Let the table talk be educative. It will mean that some one must steer the conversation. Some of our greatest men have learned to express themselves by being allowed to give their opinions when there is a discussion at the table. Happy talk aids digestion; avoid all unpleasant conversation and correction, thus the food will have an opportunity of doing its work in the body.

These things are important, and the more they are thought about the greater importance we will put upon the value of a well-planned and served meal, with the happy atmosphere of everybody comfortable.

Let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.—Emerson.

FAVORITE SALADS AND SALAD DRESSINGS.

An unusual but very good salad is the following: Peas, pickles and peanuts served with small sections of orange and a boiled dressing.

Blackstone Dressing.—Mix with four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, two of chili sauce and two of tomato catsup with two of vinegar. Roquefort cheese may be added if desired.

Spanish Pepper Salad.—Dissolve half a box of gelatin in half a cupful of cold water and half a cupful of vinegar. Add a half cupful of sugar, the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of salt, with a cupful of boiling water. Mix six canned pimentos with two cupfuls of finely-cut celery and one cupful of shelled pecans cut fine; mold in small molds and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing. This recipe will serve 12. Kumquats thinly sliced are very nice in this salad.

Western Salad.—Take four hard cooked eggs chopped, four tablespoonfuls each of chopped onion, watermelon pickle or sweet pickle cucumber, four tablespoonfuls of chopped cheese. Save out the yolks of two of the eggs and put through a ricer to garnish the top.

Cheese Jelly Salad.—Mix half a cupful of grated cheese with a cupful of whipped cream, season to taste with salt and pepper and add one tablespoonful of gelatin dissolved in a scant cupful of water. This may be molded in one large or several small molds. When the jelly begins to harden, cover with grated cheese. Serve with French dressing to which grated cheese has been added.

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fiber of the human heart.—Emerson.

HONEY, NATURE'S SWEET.

We have had more respect for the honey bee and the bee-keeper since the shortage of sugar and we have learned that honey may take the place of sugar in many dishes. Honey used in cakes and cookies will keep the food much more moist as it absorbs moisture from the air; because of this cakes will not dry out as rapidly. Honey of course is more expensive than other sirups, but we have the assurance that it is pure and about twice as sweet as corn sirup. Honey is the nectar of flowers modified and evaporated by the bees. We find it on the market in different forms, as comb honey in small section boxes, extracted honey which has been whirled in a machine called a honey extractor, until the liquid honey has been thrown out leaving the combs empty, so that they may be put back and be again filled by the bees. Making the comb is a great expense of time to the bees during honey season and the bee-keeper will have much more honey if he supplies the comb. Then we have what is termed bulk honey, broken-comb and strained honey and the fourth or granulated honey. This is honey that has become solid. This may be changed to liquid form by setting the can in hot water.

Honey has many flavors—clover, goldenrod, buckwheat, raspberry and many other flavors, depending upon the flowers blooming within several miles of the hives.

The average housewife will store honey in the cellar, which is, so bee-keepers tell us, the worst possible place, as it readily absorbs moisture, and will become thin and sour; the comb becomes dark and watery. Keep honey in a dry, warm place. The attic or any place warm and dry. High temperature does not affect it.

Pork Cake.—Chop fine one pound of fat salt pork, add one pint of boiling water, two cupfuls of honey, three teaspoonfuls of soda, two cupfuls of chopped raisins, spices to taste and six to seven cupfuls of sifted flour. Dried apple, chopped with the raisins, makes a good fruit.

Nellie Maxwell

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS AS "VICTORY BOYS"

There are many ways in which scouts can earn their "Victory Boys" $5, and be doing something very helpful at the same time. Some of these are as follows: Digging gardens, planting bulbs, cleaning silver, washing windows, scrubbing floors, waxing floors, varnishing chairs, running errands, picking fruit, husking corn, gathering nuts, picking cotton, cleaning yards, cleaning sidewalks, caring for furnaces, mowing and raking lawns, sifting and dumping ashes, making maple syrup, decorating show windows, tutoring backward students, beating carpets and rugs, sawing and cutting wood.

Collecting old boxes and lumber and cutting them into kindling.

Collecting and selling old metal and bottles.

Running a stand at the fair and selling ice cream and popcorn and candy.

Collecting and selling waste paper and rags.

Giving moving picture or minstrel shows.

Shoveling snow from walks.

Helping to harvest ice.

Working about a dairy.

Cleaning cellars and attics and barns.

Painting houses and barns and fences.

Painting and putting away screens.

Raising guinea pigs and white mice.

Raising chickens and pigs and squabs.

Selling butter and eggs and vegetables and fruit.

Trapping fur-bearing animals which injure crops in season.

Washing automobiles and carriages.

Waiting on table as "extras" in boarding houses.

Making needed household articles, such as coat racks, chairs, andirons, umbrella racks, etc., that sell at reasonable prices.

GENERAL WOOD TO SCOUTS.

Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood in addressing a meeting said this of the boy scouts:

"There is one cry, one slogan common to all tongues, and just about as old as the human voice, and that is: 'In time of peace prepare for war.' You hear people talking of their money and of their resources, but remember always, and don't let us ever again forget, that you can't buy time. Now all that you can do while we are training is to help the other fellows who are doing the fighting, and help through the Red Cross all you can."

"Encourage your boy scouts. Put an end to this sickly and immoral twaddle with reference to not raising your boys to be soldiers. We are all raised to be soldiers, if we are decent men and women—soldiers for the right, throughout our entire lives. Our motto must be the old motto, 'I serve.' We all serve somewhere. We are soldiers of right, soldiers for good government, soldiers in war, if need be."

WILLS SCOUTS $300,000.

By the will of Capt. George Bucklin, the boy scouts in Rhode Island are left a trust fund of $300,000.

Captain Bucklin was a Civil war veteran. He was never connected with the boy scout organization, but found in the fundamental principles of the movement characteristics which impelled him to leave practically his entire estate to that cause.

He believed that the early training of the boy, as given through the boy scout movement, would be to the great advantage of both the boy and the country. His friends state that his interest in the work was unlimited and unswerving.

TORRENT OF ENERGY WASTED.

"The central powers admit defeat, and we can therefore see that America has made the world safe for democracy, but if democracy is to be made safe for the world, it can only be by that preparation in citizenship which the scout movement provides," says a leading citizen of Memphis, Tenn.

"Boys are ready and anxious to serve, but they have no leadership. They constitute a perfect torrent of energy going to waste, if not threatening disaster.

"The scout movement provides a method of known success of harnessing that torrent. Surely the funds can be found for this great piece of human engineering."

SCOUTS HELPED RED CROSS.

Following the practce instituted in 1915 by Dr. Frank Proomis, president of the local scout council, the boy scouts of Battle Creek, Mich., have made their third annual collection of paper and rubber.

Through advertising and systematic organization, together with the real scout spirit of good cheer and enthusiasm, this resulted in a net collection of 46,000 pounds of paper and magazines in about six months of work. Friends of the scouts loaned 18 automobiles.

Every Little Task a Burden?

To the women worn-out with weak kidneys, housework is a heavy burden. Backache, sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness, "blue" spells and a weak, tired condition, make the simplest tasks difficult and the ever-present daily duties give the weakened kidneys no time to recover. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. They have brought relief and comfort to thousands of weak, suffering women.

An Idaho Case

Mrs. S. E. Reed, nurse, Mountain Home, Idaho, says: "Two years ago I had an attack of kidney trouble and it grew quite serious in a short time. It came on suddenly and my kidneys seemed to give out. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and one box was all that I needed to make me well. Doan's Kidney Pills acted on my system, strengthening my kidneys and stopping all the pains. I have had no sign of the trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

When a fool opens his mouth, you can see right through him.

Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, are cured by taking May Apple, Aloe, Jalap made into Pleasant Pellets (Dr. Pierce's). Adv.

It is willingness to pay a good rental that gives his Satanic majesty the choice of apartments in some homes.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

You have probably observed that when some persons speak their minds they don't say much.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Evidently.

"This is a clear case of blackmail."

"What? That letter?"

"Yes; it's my coal bill."

An Advance Copy.

While Morton T. Hidden was a member of the staff of a recent Hoosier governor, he made friends with one of the porters of a train that runs into Indianapolis. The other day he was on the train and was recognized by the porter. "Hain't you in Europe?" he asked. "I done would think they would a took you on that peace party."

Mr. Hidden smiled. "Not me," he returned. "I'm a Republican."

The porter sighed and then looked disappointedly at Mr. Hidden. "You would have made such a handsome edition," he deplored.—Indianapolis Star.

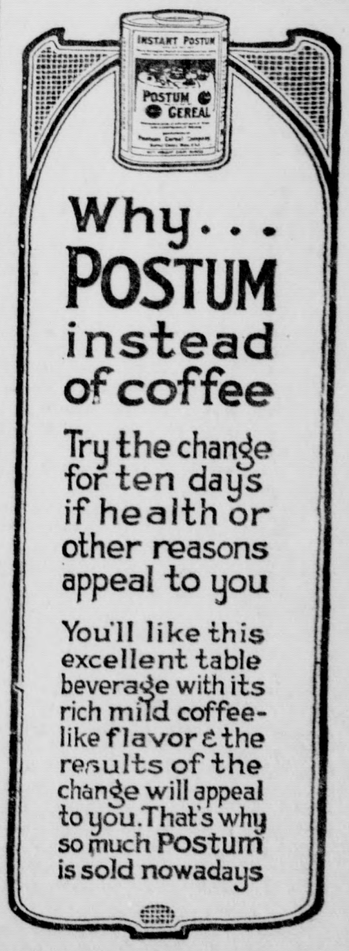
Couldn't Do Without That.

Attached to the office of the attending surgeon, headquarters, S. O. S., is a French doctor who treats the French civilian employees. One of his patients has been suffering from a severe abscess on her leg, and the other day he had one of the army ambulances take her to the hospital.

The next day he called again, gave the same name and address, and said he wanted the patient taken to the hospital.

"But," he was told, "we took that woman to the hospital last evening."

"I know," he said, "but she forget to take her bread ticket and had to walk back home and get it."



Why... POSTUM instead of coffee

Try the change for ten days if health or other reasons appeal to you

You'll like this excellent table beverage with its rich mild coffee-like flavor & the results of the change will appeal to you. That's why so much Postum is sold nowadays